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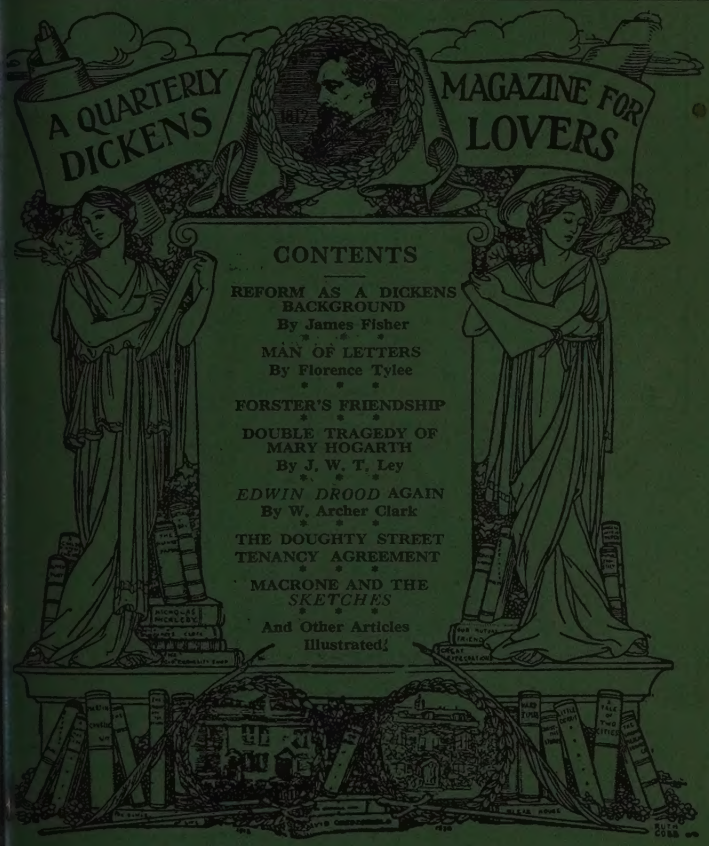

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THE DOUGHTY STREET TENANCY AGREEMENT

MACRONE AND THE *SKETCHES*

And Other Articles
Illustrated

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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SUMMER
VOL. XXXIII. 1937 No. 243

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

"The George" for the Nation.

Towards the end of January last news reached us that "The George Inn," in the Borough, the last of the galleried coaching inns in London, and endeared to all of us through its Dickensian associations, was in an unsafe condition, and would probably be demolished. Due to the prompt steps taken by Mr. T. W. Hill and the Editor of *The Dickensian*, who interviewed the owners of the property, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, The National Trust, and others, the building has been saved. The London and North Eastern Railway Company has generously presented the building to the National Trust, who will thoroughly recondition and strengthen the premises, and continue to carry it on as licensed premises, a privilege it has enjoyed for nearly three hundred years.

Thus once again has the Dickens Fellowship fulfilled one of the objects for which it was founded thirty-five years ago:

> "To assist in the preservation and purchase of buildings and objects associated with the name of Dickens and mentioned in his works."

* * * * *

Mr. Leslie Staples.

We shall miss Mr. Leslie Staples at "The George." In his short tenancy he restored the declining inn to something like its former glory and gathered round him a circle of grateful patrons and admirers.

* * * * *

Bentley's Centenary.

The fact that "Bentley's Miscellany" started its career one hundred years ago was not overlooked by the "Contemporary Review," which had a capital article

in its March number, in which the author, Miss L. M. Littlewood, gave credit to *The Dickensian* for publishing the copies of the agreements between Dickens and Bentley.

* * * * *

Dedications and Prefaces. We were pleased to read the protest in "The Sunday Times" in February last, against the omissions of the Dedication pages from many modern reprints of Dickens's novels. The first letter came from Mrs. S. C. Evans, a grand-daughter of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson to whom *David Copperfield* was "affectionately inscribed" by the author. There is so much personal interest associated with these dedications that they form an integral part of the books. The same remark applies to the Prefaces which we miss from many of the modern reprints, principally the cheaper ones. It is more a question of thought than of expense, we believe, and we hope publishers will "make a note of."

* * * * *

The Traffic Problem. The slow-going coach was "fast" to our grandfathers and the 'fifties and 'sixties also had their traffic problems; read *Little Dorrit*, Book I, Chapter 13.

* * * * *

Longevity of the Horse. "Forty-two," the age of Mr. Pickwick's cab-horse, was not such a very "tall" story after all. A writer in "The Times" recently instanced cases where horses had lived over sixty years.

* * * * *

Easy English. Wonders (in a Dickens way) will never cease. The Language Research Department of the New York University "in co-operation with Mr. Abraham Kagen, of the W.P.A. Adult Education Project" have prepared a version of *Oliver Twist* done in "easy English" which, so "The New York Times" informs us, "is being mailed to all evening and continuation schools in the city for use in the study of Dickens." It is stated that in *Oliver Twist*, Dickens used a vocabulary of 5,000 words, which has been reduced in "easy English" to 900 words. Here is an example, culled from the above-named newspaper. Mr. Sowerberry says, according to Dickens: "Dear me, dear me, I wish I wasn't always being interrupted in the middle of my meal." In "easy English" this becomes "Some one always wants to see me when I'm eating. I never have a minute for myself." Which makes us rub our eyes and wish some of the dialogue of the Hollywood films were rendered into English, "easy" or otherwise.

* * * * *

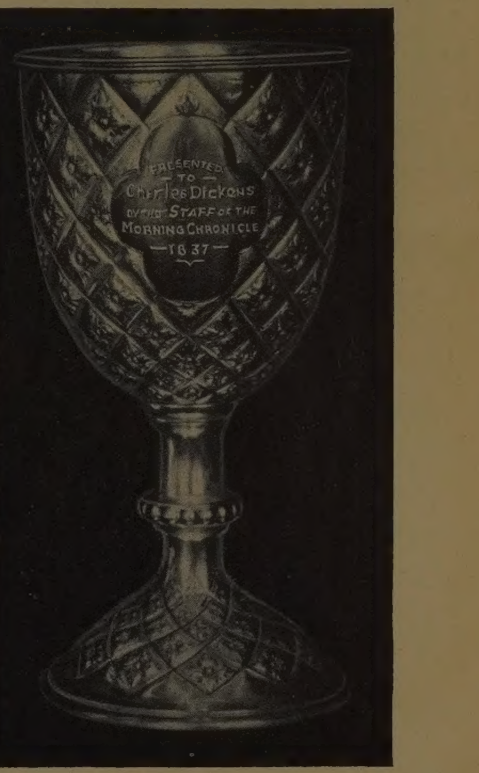
Children's Howlers from Adelaide. The new branch of the Fellowship in Adelaide is making good progress. It recently organised a Children's Essay Competition for which several hundred entries were received. Naturally there were some "howlers." One competitor wrote, "Dickens was one of the greatest reformers of ancient times, and really did more for England than either Hitler or Mussolini." Another wrote that "Dickensian stories, which are

unimportant parts of the books, are so hard to find that it is necessary for people to meet together in clubs in order to help each other to find them."

* * * * *

Another 'Morning Chronicle" Postscript.

When we printed in *The Dickensian*, 1936, p. 19, Dickens's connection with the proprietor of 'The Morning Chronicle," we were unaware of what must have been to Dickens a most gratifying mark of the esteem of his colleagues on the occasion of his resignation from the staff of that newspaper. It is not recorded elsewhere, but it appears that in 1837, therefore a short time after his departure, a silver goblet was presented to him, of which we give an illustration herewith, copied from the catalogue of the sale of the Jupp Dickens Collection at the Anderson Galleries, New York, in 1922.



Accompanying the goblet was a certificate signed by Miss Hogarth to the effect that it was always in the possession of her brother-in-law until the day of his death.

* * * * *

A Dickens Menu.

We have often been asked to suggest a suitable menu for a Dickens Dinner, with all the flavour of the meals served a hundred years ago. We have had great difficulty in offering suggestions, as unfortunately we have not come across any exact menus as served to Dickens and his friends. Recently, however, the Wine and Food Trade Society held a dinner at the Bedford Hotel, Brighton, where as we know, Dickens often stayed; indeed they preserve there, in a frame in the lounge, a letter from Dickens to Mr. Ellis, who was then the proprietor, dated 30th November,

1852, ordering for Mr. Leech and himself " one of your excellent little Dinners." Exactly of what this consisted we have no knowledge, but this was the menu served there in February last for the Wine and Food Society, and it will serve as an example to follow:

Clear Mock Turtle Soup

Whitebait and Lemon

York Ham Braised in Old Ale
Creamed Spinach

Roast Stuffed Goose, Apple Sauce
Brussels Sprouts
Browned Potatoes

Marrow Pudding

Dessert

Coffee

The wines were:

Amontillado
Fine Pouilly (vintage 1929)
Clos de Vougeot (vintage 1926)
Hot Rum Punch

Wine glasses and silver used in the hotel in Dickens's time were on the table.

* * * * *

An Indian Translation. *The Life of Our Lord* has been translated into yet another language. The Rev. F. G. Stevens, of Fisher River, Indian Mission, who has given a long life in the service of the Indians of Northern Canada, translated the book into the Cree language and it is now being published in Canada in serial form and is appearing in the Indian Magazine called " Spiritual Light."

* * * * *

Appreciation and Complaint. " The members are delighted with their *Dickensians*," writes the Secretary of an Overseas branch. We are delighted also; but there was just a little complaint tacked on to their appreciation. " The only portion not received with the wildest enthusiasm," the Secretary continues, " was the short quotation from Geo. Sokolsky's book. We don't think so much of Sokolsky over here. And some of us were of opinion that his long-winded sophistical notions were beneath the notice of *The Dickensian*.

* * * * *

Our Duty. It is the duty of *The Dickensian* to record all manner of opinion, and we endeavour to do it. The noteworthy record " From Recent Books " assiduously compiled specially for our readers by Mr. Frewer, would have been incomplete if Mr. Sokolsky's opinions were overlooked. That Sokolsky was wrong

concerning Dickens's attitude towards Jews, every reader of this magazine must know. It is not customary for editorial comments to be made on these book extracts; they are left to speak for themselves, but we were glad Mrs. Wolsoncroft wrote the letter printed in the last number; had this particular branch communication been received in time, we would also have dealt with it in the same number.

* * * * *

Adulterated Village Coquettes.

You may enjoy eggs without bacon, or sausages without the accompanying "mashed," but one cannot imagine what Gilbert would be without Sullivan. It was with such thoughts as these that we sat down to witness *The Village Coquettes* without Hullah's music, as presented by Miss Jolly and the Dickens Players following the Annual Meeting of the London members in March last. But, being more interested in Dickens than in Hullah, we were not disappointed, and the rather worn story that Dickens had to tell was no worse than that of *The Strange Gentleman*, which was not written for music. The players made the most of the poor material provided, but they suffered, as many amateur performances suffer, from insufficient rehearsal. Although we do not like to pick out names for special mention, the honours easily fell to Mr. Smith as the busybody, Martin Stokes (Harley's original part), and to Mr. Hillman as Rose's lover, John Maddox. Miss Jolly's company has lately been strengthened by several additions and we look forward to see Messrs. Mounter and Mitchell, two promising "juveniles," in other and better parts.

* * * * *

Hullah Honoured.

On 1st, 2nd, and 3rd July, Hullah will come into his own. *The Village Coquettes* is to be produced at the St. Pancras People's Theatre with music by Hullah, arranged by Mr. Edward Chadfield. As the company presenting it are actors and not singers, they are representing themselves as a group of country people pretending to be singers and actors, an idea suggested by "Boz" in *Mrs. Joseph Porter*. Absence abroad will prevent the writer from witnessing so interesting a celebration, but we shall have a report on the performance in our next number. Tickets at 2/6 reserved, can be obtained from the theatre, Charrington Street, Crowndale Road, N.W.1. Unreserved 1/6. The performance starts at 8 p.m. each evening.

* * * * *

Diary of Dickens Fellowship Meetings.

Will Branch Secretaries kindly let me have a note of their September-November meetings by 12th August. for insertion in the Autumn (September) number. The printed syllabuses can follow later.

* * * * *

The series of "Dickensian Peeps into 'Punch'" will be continued in our next number.

* * * * *

A report of the Conference will appear in the Autumn number.

WALTER DEXTER.

MR. LAING AND MR. FANG

MR. FANG, the harsh and insolent Hatton Garden magistrate in *Oliver Twist* whom Dickens treated with much severity, was one of the few full-length portraits taken actually from life.

John Forster, in his "Life of Dickens," has told us how Dickens was smuggled into the court for the purpose of making a pen-portrait of Mr. Laing the magistrate there; but the letter to Mr. Thomas Haines, of the Mansion House, the man who had the general supervision over the police reports for the daily press, has not before been published in full. The original letter is in the possession of Count de Suzannet by whose kind permission it is now printed.

Beard, who is mentioned at the commencement of the letter, was a reporter on the staff of "The Morning Chronicle" and a former colleague of Dickens.

It is interesting to know that as a result of the disclosures in *Oliver Twist*, and upon a fresh outbreak of intolerable temper on the part of Mr. Laing, the Home Secretary took steps to have him removed from the bench. This marked one of Dickens's earliest successes at reform.

48, Doughty St. Mecklenburgh Square,
Saturday June 3rd 1837.

My dear Sir,

Beard, our mutual friend, was to have been the medium of an introduction between us, but as he has not seen you for some time, I venture to introduce myself as "Boz", and when I tell you why I have not had patience to wait for his intervention, I dare say you will feel highly gratified.

In my next number of Oliver Twist, I must have a magistrate; and casting about for a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be "shewn up" I have, as a necessary consequence, stumbled upon Mr. Laing of Hatton Garden celebrity. I know the man's character perfectly well, but as it would be necessary to describe his appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be) I have never done.

In this dilemma it occurred to me that perhaps I might under your auspices be smuggled into the Hatton Garden office for a few moments some morning. If you can further my object, I shall be really very greatly obliged to you.

I am staying at Hampstead at present, but if you will direct a line to my house in town, stating when I shall call on you, or you on me, I will be punctual. Whether you can render me the assistance I require, or not, I shall be happy to avail myself of that opportunity of becoming known to you.

Believe me

My Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

Thomas Haines Esqre.

A MAN OF LETTERS

By FLORENCE TYLEE

I.

WHEN I was a little girl, I was the proud possessor of a lovely narrow black and green box, brought me from Vienna by my godmother. Its chief charm was that it had a real key, which I fondly believed was of gold, and that it really locked. In this small box I kept a few treasures dear to my child heart and one of these was a note in an envelope, on the flap of which was a drawing of a little black imp, standing in the centre of the words " Who the —— sent this ? " The imp's wicked looking tail curling round to form the note of interrogation.

I was always ready to explain to any presumably ignorant "grown up" to whom I showed my treasures that the note was from a very famous author to the friend I knew as " Uncle George."* The little imp was a " naughty word," *unless* it had " Charles " before it, which made it " quite all right." I wish I had that fascinating envelope to show you this evening; unfortunately I parted with it some years ago to be sold among other relics, in aid of a charity for old seamen, to which I am sure Dickens the Philanthropist would have given his approval and help. But I sometimes regret that I did not keep my one genuine autograph of a very great exponent of the lost art of letter-writing. I wonder if any one writes real letters nowadays or if the telephone, the telegraph and motor cars have entirely destroyed that art, which once gave pleasure to so many but is now I fancy, only practised by a few old-fashioned people. At the most a " picture postcard " with a few words squeezed into the corner takes the place of the amusing descriptions of travel to be found in letters from our grandfathers and grandmothers—and particularly our great aunts. Telephone messages or, in special cases, telegrams in gaily decorated or even golden envelopes, do duty even at times of important family events such as christenings, weddings, funerals, etc., instead of the pleasant, chatty, personal details which used to be read with such eager interest by friends and relatives who would only be reached by " His Majesty's Mail " in the days of Dickens, when telegraphy was in its infancy and the telephone and postcard (pictorial or otherwise) were unknown.

A nurse who was with us for some years of my childhood was the owner of two books which she valued greatly. One was a " Dream Book " the other " The Complete Letter Writer." which she graciously allowed me to study, probably because she wished to consult me as to the special form of letter with which to answer one from her young man." I do not recollect the name of the author of that wonderful and all embracing book, but I *do* remember that in it you were provided with specimen letters for every possible contingency from the time of one's start on life's journey until its close.

* George Dolby, Dickens's Manager for the Readings.

II.

Years afterwards, when I had really joined the august body of "grown ups" I found that my childhood's hero, Charles Dickens, was "The Complete Letter Writer" in genuine human form. But it was not until I read the collection of Dickens's letters, selected and edited by Mary Dickens and her aunt Georgina Hogarth, that I came to realise the wonderful many-sidedness and the innate goodness of the man, as distinct from the novelist. For in his letters Dickens reveals himself more than perhaps any other literary man, and this without any of that morbid introspectiveness which has given birth to the "Journals" and "Diaries" and "Private Papers" of certain men and women suffering from megalomania and self-absorbedness.

It is extraordinary that in his strenuous life he should have found time to write the enormous number of letters which have been preserved, and many more which must have found their way into the recipient's waste-paper baskets; especially when we realise the amount of manual labour spent on them, and remember that in those days there was no such help as a typewriter. Dickens was very literally a "quill-driver."

He seems to have greatly preferred the quill to what was then the modern substitute. In an article written while putting up for the night at a Staffordshire inn he writes: "The 'Dodo' keeps no pens but steel pens; and these I always stick through the paper, and can turn to no other account."

His penknife was in frequent use, and in one letter he speaks of locking it up for fear his small son should do himself damage with it, when anxious to write a letter of thanks for a gift of toys. Since the publication of the first collection, some ten years after the death of Dickens, other collections of Letters have appeared, among them a number addressed to the richest English woman of those days, the Baroness Burdett Coutts. Her great wealth was a heavy burden to one I used to hear spoken of by a young relative of hers as "Dear Aunt Angela." She was weighed down by the responsibility of a stewardship for which she, a deeply religious woman, knew she must one day give an account, and she turned to Charles Dickens for counsel, and during many years he was her almoner and adviser in a number of cases of distress and big schemes for public help. In these letters he reveals himself as no conventional philanthropist, with cut and dried methods. But it was a great joy to him to point out the way in which not only *great* causes could be helped, but also individual cases of misfortune and suffering which have no voice wherewith to excite public generosity. Certainly the pledge given to the Baroness in a letter written in July, 1843, was notably kept: "Trust me that I will be a faithful steward of your bounty; and that there is no charge in the wide world I would accept with so much pride and happiness as any such from you." And in another of these letters, called forth by the tragic story of an unfortunate man of letters, he writes: "Men have been chained to hideous walls and other strange

nchors, but few have known such suffering and bitterness at one ime and another, as those who have been bound to Pens—a pleasant hought to me, who have been using this very quill all day ! "

III.

A collection of Letters written to his oldest friend, Thomas Beard, vhich cover the whole of Dickens's grown-up life, and indeed date rom before that February day when he became a man in the eyes f the law, after having for some years done a man's work while still n " infant " according to those curiously short-sighted optics—was ublished in 1932. It has the advantage over the earlier collection f a sustained interest, as the letters are all consecutive, and written o the same person.

Some one—a woman—once said of Dickens that he was " the ideal f friendship " and certainly any one reading these memorials of a oyal, life-long friendship, cannot but agree with her. The two young ellows made friends most probably when they were both working s reporters in their gallery at the House of Commons. Tom, the lder by five years, was " best man " at Charles's wedding and god- ather to his eldest son. They never lost touch with each other and ir Henry Fielding Dickens said of these letters " they show in a arked degree the individuality and personality of the writer— o much so indeed, as almost to suggest a voice speaking from the rave."

In these letters to one who was indeed closer than a brother to im, Dickens writes of the family troubles caused by his father's licawber-like behaviour, his own gallant efforts to secure the comfort f his mother and sisters, his journeys as a reporter to various parts f the country, competing with the mighty " Times " to get in accounts f important events at the earliest possible date, when so much epended on the state of the roads, and on getting relays of horses at he various stages. In the end " The Morning Chronicle " which Dickens represented won the race for the First Report of Election 'roceedings at Exeter, which the " Spectator " of 2nd May, 1835, aid had been " furnished with marvellous expedition."

Then there are letters in which the poor, struggling young journalist sks for a loan of a few pounds—afterwards honourably repaid—" till aturday week," probably to get some delicacy for Catherine Hogarth, is fiancée, and her mother, both laid up with scarlet fever : for there s evidence that he spent as little as possible on himself.

After Charles's marriage, at which " Tom " supported him as " best ian," the christian name is dropped, and henceforth it is to " My ear Beard " that the letters of Dickens, the married man, are addressed, r to " Dear old Massa Beard." Many are couched in humorous ein and it is obvious that Tom Beard was always a welcome guest oth in his London homes during working hours and in the holidays, vhen his room was always ready for him in the various houses at the easide in England and France which Dickens provided for his teadily increasing family.

On one occasion, when his god-son had become an Eton boy, Beard was invited to join a little river picnic where Charles junior and three of his schoolfellows were to be entertained by Charles senior, and to cause the disappearance of the contents of a noble hamper from the famous confectioners, Fortnum and Mason. Dickens writes: "I am to appear that morning, July 1st, at 11 a.m., and take him and three other Etonian shavers up the river. He knows a bank where we can dine, and if you can come, you and I will console ourselves for our antiquity after dinner with a trifle of tobacco and champagne in the starn of the wessel. N.B.—*Ice* in the hamper." There is elsewhere a most amusing account of this picnic in a letter from Dickens to another friend, Mrs. Watson, from which we gather that it was a great success in spite of heavy rain at the start, and a year later Beard is asked in a brief note if he "is game for another water party on the anniversary of the first."

Dickens was never too busy to arrange a children's Christmas Party. In a letter to his American friend, Professor Felton, he begins thus: "Many and many happy new years to you and yours. As many happy children as may be quite convenient (no more) and as many happy meetings between them and our children and between you and us, as the kind fates shall favourably decree. The actuary of the National Debt couldn't calculate the number of children who are coming here on Twelfth Night in honour of Charley's birthday, for which occasion I have provided a magic lantern and divers other tremendous engines of that nature. But the best of it is that Forster and I have purchased between us the entire stock-in-trade of a conjurer, the practice and display of which is entrusted to me. And oh my dear eyes Felton! If you could see me conjuring the company's watches into impossible tea-caddies and causing pieces of money to fly, and burning pocket handkerchiefs without hurting them, and practising in my own room without anybody to admire, you would never forget it as long as you live. In those tricks which require a confederate, I am assisted by reason of his imperturbable good humour by Stanfield, who always does his part exactly the wrong way, to the unspeakable delight of all beholders." What a jolly party that must have been!

IV.

Many of the later letters refer to the purchase of the "little Kentish Freehold" as Dickens loved to describe "Gadshill" and in one he tells a friend; "Your summer quarters are progressing favourably. I shall not let you see them now, until the workmen are out, and they have got their clean shirts on."

And then, time flies and Kate Dickens is going to be married and her father writes in June, 1860: "The girls feel that Kate's marriage cannot possibly come off without the presence of the ancient friend of the venerable parent. This is therefore to require you to be present at this house, on the morning of Tuesday the 17th day of July in this present year of our Lord, to grace the nuptials then to

be celebrated in the parochial church of Higham. Lord, how the time and life steal on ! It was but yesterday that Katie always had a scratched knee—and it was but the day before yesterday, that there was no such creature ! "

A little later he writes of the sailing abroad of Sydney, his fifth son, the smallest of the family, known in childhood as " The Ocean Spectre." " He looked very small," writes his father, " when he went away with a chest in which he could easily have stowed himself, and a wife and family of his own proportions."

I have tried to show you from these letters a little of Dickens as a father. But there are also glimpses of him in some of the earlier ones, as the son of the man he has immortalised in the character of Mr. Micawber. It seems to me, however, that the rôles were in this case reversed. From a very early age Charles had to play the part of " bread-winner " and general manager of the domestic affairs of John Dickens, who was obviously a lovable, although a most unpractical man. When, some years after Charles's marriage, he was beginning to earn more than enough for the needs of himself and his small household, he was eager to place his father and mother in a comfortable home and make arrangements for them to be properly cared for, and there is a letter written in March, 1839, in which he describes his success in house-hunting for them. His description of the cottage he found a mile from Exeter on the highroad to Plymouth in the heart of Devonshire, for the modest rent of £20 a year, taxes included, is enough to make despairing home-seekers of to-day green with envy. " If they are not pleased with the little house I shall be grievously disappointed." In spite of a most natural feeling of resentment for his utter neglect of parental duties, he had a warm affection for his father, and especially for the Micawber-like disposition which enabled him to be cheerful himself, when others were worried and responding on his account. The inscription on his tombstone in Highgate Cemetery bears witness to his " Zealous, useful, cheery spirit," and Dickens once said that he was " as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world."

Many of the letters tell us about Dickens the actor and great lover of the stage. And here again we realise that he was a master of detail, thinking nothing too small for his attention. The plays in which he took part and largely helped to produce, were not undertaken for mere amusement, or the self-glorification of the players, but in the cause of charity. Writing of the Play, " Not so bad as we Seem," which was produced at Devonshire House in May, 1851, in aid of " The Guild of Literature and Art," Dickens says : " You have no idea of all the work I have had. My legs swell so with standing on the stage for hours together, that my stockings will not come off. I get so covered with sawdust among the carpenters that my infants don't know me. I am so astonishingly familiar with everybody's part, that I forget my own. I roar to the Troupe in general to that extent that the excellent Duke (who is deaf) thinks in the remoteness of his own little library, that the wind is blowing hard. Tailors, painters,

gasmen, property ditto, supers, all sorts of strange beings cluste around me all day long. I am set on getting ten thousand pound for that project—and if I don't, it shall not be my fault." Nor wa it his fault that his schemes to improve the status of the literary ma in England was in the end a failure, after its brilliant inauguratio under the patronage of Queen Victoria, who, with Prince Albert attended the first performance which, with later ones, brought i over three thousand pounds to the Fund. Unfortunately it was no supported by the very people it was founded to assist, and nearly ha a century later the accumulated funds were handed over to simila charities.

V.

I think, next best to travelling with such a companion as Dickens must have been receiving the letters in which he gives such vivi pictures of the places he visited and the people he met. Most of th travel books of the nineteenth century could be truthfully describe as " stodgy." One read them for information, seldom for amusement And even the " Letters " published for the benefit of a limited circl of friends at an earlier date, by young men who made the " Gran Tour " as a finish to their education, with or without a " Bear Leader in the form of a tutor, who pointed out the sights worth seeing, an directed the amount of admiration they ought to bestow, ha very little individuality. Dickens's letters when on holiday in Englan or abroad were very different. His descriptions are most vivid, h comments decidedly fresh and unconventional, and he tells the littl things that make you feel that you are really sharing his experience Whether he is writing from an English watering-place, a continenta city, or an American hotel, he takes you with him and makes yo feel that even the troubles of travel are worth while in such goo company.

An even greater enjoyment it must have been to hear such tal about his travel experiences as he promises in a letter to Beard i 1845. " Some of the many things I have seen and many delights have had, Venice at their head, and the mournful Roman Campagn shining like moonlight through them all, shall be yours over a gla of average good claret and a light cigar. On reflection I think tha if I mean that for a quotation it ought to be ' Guitar,' but never mind The life I have led, the gentlemanly vagabond I have been for th last six months, the extraordinary beds I have slept in and the b wildering amount of fleas, mosquitoes and other insects I hav unwillingly pastured, these things have hardly left me any leisure i my holiday."

A letter written during a holiday at Broadstairs in 1843 tells ho " Charley and 250 other children are making fortifications in the san with wooden spades and picking up shells and seaweed. I have som idea of writing him *A Child's History of England* to the end that h may have tenderhearted notions of war and murder, and may n fix his affections on wrong heroes and see the bright side of glory sword and nothing of the rusty one."

To-day, a voyage across the Atlantic is a most ordinary affair compared with what it was when Mr. and Mrs. Dickens made the trip in 1843. In a letter posted to a friend just before starting we read : " These Cunard Packets are not very big you know actually, but the quantity of sleeping berths makes them much smaller, so that the saloon is not nearly as large as in one of the Ramsgate boats. The ladies cabin is so close to ours that I could knock the door open without getting off something they call my bed, but which I believe to be a muffin beaten flat. They talk of seventy passengers, but I cannot think there will be so many. I was dashed for a moment when I saw our ' Cabin,' but I got over that directly, and laughed so much at its ludicrous proportions, that you might have heard me all over the ship." And in the spirit of his own cheery Mark Tapley, Charles set forth on what was then a " great adventure."

VI.

For some years past the pages of *The Dickensian* have contained new revelations concerning the life and work of Dickens by the publication of his correspondence with his first publisher, John Macrone ; with John P. Hullah, who composed the music for *The Village Coquettes* ; as well as other letters of the greatest importance from the libraries of Pierpont Morgan in New York, and of Henry E. Huntington in San Marino, California. To the unique and priceless library of Count de Suzannet we are also greatly indebted ; and now comes the good news that the Editor of *The Dickensian* is gathering together in three volumes every letter of Dickens that is available. They amount to roughly five thousand, and as they will be arranged chronologically, they will give a real account of the life and work of Dickens such as never before presented.

I wish I had the space to dwell on many other aspects of the man which are revealed by his letters. Of his wonderful power to sympathise with his friends in their joys and sorrows, of his consideration for all those who worked in his household, the men and maids, to whom messages are frequently sent in letters to Mrs. Dickens, and Miss Hogarth, and the daughters who kept house for him for the last twelve years of his life.

So many of the younger generation know nothing of Dickens but his novels. They will do well to learn something of the man who wrote them by reading the incomparable Letters of this " Complete Letter Writer."

RETIREMENT OF THE TORONTO SECRETARY

At the meeting in April the Officers and Council of the Toronto Branch paid tribute to the retiring Hon. Secretary, Miss Cora Lee Hunt, when she was made an Honorary Life Member of the branch. A presentation followed, in which Mr. W. Purvis Wood, Vice-President and Chairman of the Council, referred to Miss Hunt's many admirable qualities and praised the devotion with which she had served the branch for over eighteen years.

HOAXED BY AN AUTOGRAPH HUNTER

WHEN Dickens was in Montreal in 1842 many people pestered him for his autograph, and few were successful. A certain young man named Hugh Sibbald, then in his teens, hit upon a clever idea for enlisting Dickens's sympathy in the hope of securing a much-desired autograph letter. And in this he succeeded.

Through the courtesy of Mr. F. Paget Hett, of Esher, the grand-nephew of the young man, we are able to print both the reply of Dickens, and the clever letter eliciting it.

A. D. 1842

Mr. Dickens, Sir.

Me and my wifes got a boy and we has a heard tell a deal about the beautiful books you've a writ and the deal of good you try to do for us poor folks. Now we was a thinkin that if it is not takin too much of a liberty we should like to call our lad Charles Dickens for we be told that Charles is your christened name. We be no scholars ourselves but we hope if he and we be spared a wage is good and eddicatin is cheap and larning plenty he shall one day read the books you have writ for hisself. Hoping that this will find you well and happy as you diserve and if so as you will allow of our request please direct to Andrew Hughes, Montreal P. O.

Yr. sarvants to command

Andrew Hughes

Mary Hughes.

To this Dickens replied:

Private

Rasco's Hotel
Montreal
17th May 1842

Dear Sir,

I am much indebted to you for your gratifying and welcome letter and am glad to know that you have bestowed my name on your child in recollection of my writings.

That he may become all you wish him to be and that he may in his turn derive some entertainment and instruction from my endeavours to beguile the leisure time of children of a longer growth is my sincere and earnest wish. If I could even learn that I had happily been the means of awakening within him any new love of his fellow creatures and desire to help and assist them with his sympathies I should gain much happiness from the knowledge

Believe me faithfully

Yours

Charles Dickens

Mr. Andrew Hughes

A STAGE ASIDE

DICKENS'S EARLY DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS

II. *THE VILLAGE COQUETTES*, DECEMBER, 1836.

I.

IT was the publication in *The Dickensian* for 1933, pages 257-265 and 1934, pages 17-22, of the letters of Dickens to J. P. Hullah which conclusively proved that, although actually produced a few months after *The Strange Gentleman*, the writing of *The Village Coquettes* was commenced at a much earlier date, and gave Dickens his first introduction to Braham, the owner of the St. James's Theatre, and to Harley, his stage manager and leading comedian.

John Hullah was born in the same year as Dickens, and entered the Royal Academy of Music as a singing pupil in 1833. It was probably due to Fanny Dickens that the two young men became acquainted. Hullah wanted a drama on which to base some music and he approached Dickens, whom he knew to be the "Boz" of the *Sketches* in "The Morning Chronicle" and elsewhere.

The first letter to Hullah was written in the autumn of 1835. It followed one or more meetings at which a Venetian setting had been proposed for the opera; but on consideration Dickens turned this down in favour of an English scene. "I really cannot please myself with any of the sketches I have made for an opera to which the title of 'The Gondolier' would be applicable," he wrote to Hullah,* "and remembering the popularity and beauty of many of the old English operas, I will frankly confess that while I am at home in England, I am in Venice abroad indeed."

The reasons put forward for an English setting for the opera instead of a Venetian one were very much like those to be advanced a year later in respect to the Pickwick Club; and Dickens prevailed in this also.

"I did it in a fit of d——ble good nature, long ago for Hullah, who wrote some very pretty music to it," wrote Dickens in 1843, when he besought R. H. Horne "to let the opera sink into its native obscurity." But this was his state of mind when he had six or seven years of fame to his credit. At the time of which we are now writing, he appeared to be very anxious to see the work produced, and to receive the royalties on its performances and the sale of the words and music. It was certainly "done without the least consideration for regard to reputation," as the same letter goes on to remark; but he was a young man of not yet twenty-four years of age, bubbling over with invention and desire to achieve things—exactly how, he did not seem to know, or even care. Doubtless the frank criticism which he received on the production of the work, and to which we shall refer later, had a very salutary effect on him, and in this respect at least we must give full consideration to *The Village Coquettes* as a landmark in the literary history of Dickens.

* *Dickensian*, 1933, page 258.

II.

John Braham was the most popular light-opera singer of the day and it is certain the attention of both the young author and the young composer was directed to that quarter.

Dickens, as we know, had become very friendly with George Hogarth the music critic of "The Morning Chronicle," and to him Dickens looked for some help in approaching the great Braham. The result was that Braham became interested, and asked to see the opera. Hogarth's letter to Dickens has already been published, but without any date. The reference in it to a complimentary notice of Braham in a Friday issue of the "Chronicle" has led to a search of the files of that paper, and the discovery of the notice in question, which enables us to fix the date as 15th January, 1836.

It reads as follows:

"Every admirer of Braham, and who is not ?—should embrace the opportunity of seeing his performance of Tom Tug (in "The Waterman"). It is perfectly delightful to witness. With all his energies unimpaired and with his splendid voice as fine as ever and a spirit which nobody but himself can infuse into the character he at once delights his audience, and appears to revel in the fine English melodies, in the execution of which he has always stood and judging from his present appearances, will always continue to stand, unrivalled. The house was as it ought to have been, exceedingly well filled. The audience evinced their gratification by bestowing a most flattering encore on every one of Braham's songs."

All this gave the necessary spur to both author and composer to hasten the completion of the opera; but it was to be some months before Braham was to see it in its complete form.

III.

The operetta *The Village Coquettes* was first put into the St. James's Theatre bill on 6th December, 1836, the last night of Dickens's farce *The Strange Gentleman*. In the few months which had elapsed since the farce had been produced, Dickens had gained much fame from the continued success of the monthly publication of *Pickwick*, and the critics were a little more exacting in their estimates of his work. It appears that Dickens did an unheard-of thing at the close of the first performance; he took a call after the actors had received the ovations of the audience. Although nowadays it is quite usual for an author to come before the curtain after the first presentation of his play, it is evident from the press reports of this performance, that authors did not then make themselves known in this manner, and some of the newspapers were scathing in their remarks. We quoted several extracts on pages 17-18 of *The Dickensian* for 1934. Here are two others:

"The British Monitor."

The composer was called for at the end of the piece. Mr. Hullah walked across the stage, beating the left side of his waistcoat

Reader, the public then developed "Boz." They shouted, stamped tore, banged, shrieked and clapped hands till Mr. Charles Dickens made his appearance. "Boz" endeavoured to make a hole in his waistcoat, as Mr. Harley had done, for a minute or so, and went off; and the farce ended.

"The Courier."

The applause at the fall of the curtain was as loud and general as the manager could have wished it. Mr. Braham and the principal personages in the operetta were called for and paraded before the curtain, then came Mr. Hullah the composer—and another and another was still called for; the anonymous "Boz"—who answered the call, and bowed his thanks in the person of Mr. C. Dickens.

Dickens read every one of the notices, we may be sure. Writing to Hullah on the Sunday after the first performance, he said he had seen "'The Sunday Times,' 'The Dispatch,' and 'The Satirist,' all of which blow their little trumpets against unhappy me, most lustily. Either I must have grievously awakened the ire of all the 'adapters' and their friends, or the drama must be decidedly bad. I haven't made up my mind yet, which of the two is the fact.

"I have not seen the 'John Bull' or any other of the Sunday papers except 'The Spectator.' If you have any of them, bring 'em with you on Tuesday."

"The Sunday Times" gave the opera a very lengthy notice in the course of which it said:

"The notoriety which Mr. Dickens has acquired by his light and playful sketches of character, not alone as "Boz," but as Editor of "The Pickwick Club Papers" induced the public to look for a more finished performance than should have been expected from one so young, and so inexperienced in dramatic authorship."

"The Satirist" was full of praise of Hullah's music, but not so of the "book" saying: Few can admire more than we do the *Sketches* and *The Pickwick Papers*; but as a dramatist we cannot compliment the author at present on his success. He may improve."

"The Weekly Despatch" was likewise condemning. "He will most probably blast his reputation as a periodical writer by attempting to become a dramatist," it said.

The notice in "John Bull," which Dickens had not then seen, was as follows:

"Boz who has obtained a rapid and deserved celebrity as the editor, or more properly, the author of *The Pickwick Papers*, produced an operatic burletta at the St. James's Theatre on Tuesday. Mr. Charles Dickens—his name has been publically announced—is "a fellow of infinite humour"; we have had nothing of late years, so droll, so full of point, so original in character, or so interesting in story, as the memoirs of the Pickwick Club; . . . . . Holding therefore in very high estimation the talents of Mr. Dickens, we must confess that his Drama did not reach our expectations. The songs were graceful and pleasing, but no more; the dialogue, with a few exceptions, was such as might have been "penned down" by a far less

keen observer of nature ; and in the plot there is little of originality and less of interest . . . . . if, therefore, we do not warmly congratulate him on his dramatic composition, it is only because he has already so largely delighted us by his production, that to gratify us on the stage as much as in the closet, was a task impossible for him to perform.

The review by the critic of " The Spectator," doubtless gladdened Dickens's heart, as the paper was a critical weekly commanding a wide public. After a lengthy criticism of Hullah's music, it made this pronouncement :

> We have to record the rare appearance of a piece in which the composer and the dramatist have gone hand-in-hand. . . The subject of *The Village Coquettes* is of the simple and homely character that appeals to the sympathies of an English audience most readily ; and it is worked up into a light and lively drama, with a happy admixture of the serious and the comic, by the clever and amusing sketcher of comic life and character, known better as " Boz " than as Mr. Charles Dickens.

IV.

From among the other newspapers which Dickens and Hullah no doubt eagerly perused on the Tuesday evening (not including those already quoted in the article of 1934 to which reference has already been made) we print the following :

" Sunday Evening Globe " declared that the piece possessed " scarcely a single original idea from beginning to end. It is made up of anything which has appeared upon the stage again and again within the last twenty years, and the only merit that belongs to it is that of being perfectly understood by the audience at a glance. The music saved it."

In similar terms the " Champion and Weekly Herald " remarked. " There is nothing new under the sun and as Mr. Dickens (Boz) is above giving his wise majesty the fib, it would be exceedingly discourteous in us to blame the worthy dramatist for his tenderness on so nice a point."

The opinion of " The Weekly Post " was that " ' Boz ' appeared to have had the Vicar of Wakefield in his mind in the construction of this piece, which is, in no respects, equal to his humorous sketches."

The " British Monitor " described the libretto as " wholly without merit of any kind " ; " extraordinary dullness " being its " only novelty."

> Hullah's music saved it. Our friend " Boz," it continued, writes some *Sketches* which succeed—some *Pickwick Papers* which everybody reads, laughs at, and admires. Not content with making people aware of his talent he writes a farce, and makes known to the public that he is quite as stupid in some things, as he is clever in others. Verily, we may entreat him to eschew the stage—to bring out a Pickwick paper every week if he will, and regain as much of his reputation as he has lost, and prove his sense by tacitly acknowledging his conviction of his inability to write plays.

"The Age" thought it "a very delightful opera, and does the author much 'credit'"; it did not, however, mention the name of the author thus complimented. "But the music by Hullah is the principal feature," it continued.

"The Court Journal" dwelt on a point overlooked by other critics. After praising Hullah's music and expressing the opinion, "Mr. John Hullah has not been fortunate in his material—his 'raw material' is crude indeed and sadly vapid," it went on to say: "It appears that the serious is not the *forte* of 'Boz' and, as the groundwork of the piece is serious, it partakes of the writer's deficiencies in that style. The prose is prosy, and the verse, 'worse,' sad tameness after the briskness of his *Sketches*."

The writer of "The Athenaeum" notice had plenty of time for a properly considered opinion, as it did not appear until the 17th December. He referred to it as:

> The second production of the gentleman who writes under the name of "Boz," and although he is evidently too clever a man not to leave the marks of talent upon whatever he may touch, the opinion we had formed though we had not expressed it, that he is likely rather to diminish than increase his reputation by his dramatic efforts, is confirmed. . . The words of the concerted pieces are a little stiff and cramped, but the songs are full of taste and feeling; and they are altogether so well and so elegantly written, as to startle one on reading them in a book purchased for the customary shilling in the boxes of the theatre. There are one or two odd rhymes here and there, which would seem only to be the effect of carelessness, but they are blemishes which should be removed from an otherwise highly polished surface: for instance, *perplex one* and *next one*; *come* and *gone*. . .

After describing the story of the opera, and criticising the performers, the notice ended with the following:

> We fear we have scarcely spoken in terms of sufficient praise of the poetical merits of this piece, and would beg to point particular attention to Lucy's song "Love is not a feeling to pass away," to George Edmunds's song "Autumn Leaves," and to that song by Squire Norton, beginning "The child and the old man sat alone."

These songs remained popular "Ballads" for many years after the opera was forgotten.

V.

But what Dickens was probably most concerned about was the notice in "The Examiner" which had a great reputation for critical notices of both plays and books. This department was in the hands of a young man named John Forster, who was later to become Dickens's greatest friend, his adviser and biographer. It would appear that Dickens was very anxious for some notice of his work by that paper, and sent in advance to the Editor a book of the songs, with the following letter:

"Boz" presents his compliments to the Editor of the Examiner, and begs to enclose him a book of the Songs in the new opera which will be produced at the Saint James' Theatre on Tuesday next.

Saturday, December 3, 1836.

This duly came into the possession of Forster, who preserved it, and it is to be found in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum. We do not think it has ever been published before.

"Have you seen 'The Examiner'?" he wrote Hullah in the letter already referred to. "It is *rather* depreciatory of the opera, but like all their inveterate critiques against Braham, so well done that I cannot help laughing at it, for the life and soul of me."

"The Examiner" notice, which we print separately on pages 170-2, extended into over two columns, and was a studied criticism of the opera. "The plot and dialogue are totally unworthy of Boz," it said, and then went on to consider the various points, speaking generally very well indeed of the music. It was well that Dickens took it and the rebuke it contained in all good humour.

VI.

The "book" of *The Village Coquettes* was published by Bentley at the end of the year. It was dedicated to Harley, and an unpublished letter of Dickens referring to it is now printed for the first time through the courtesy of the Rylands Library, Manchester.

Furnivals Inn. Thursday evening.
[December 1836]

My dear Sir,

I am so engaged with my respectable friend "Pickwick" (on whom I have only just commenced), that I cannot get out this week, even to the theatre. I hope by Monday or Tuesday night, however, to be free and at liberty.

As I cannot see you till then, may I beg you by letter to let them put in the bills of *The Village Coquettes*: "The drama is published by Mr. Bentley, New Burlington Street?" It will be really out to-morrow night, or next morning. The moment it is, of course, I shall have the pleasure of forwarding you a copy. I am pleased to see that you are doing the "Strange Gentleman" to-night. He will soon be out also. Believe me (in haste),

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

J. P. Harley, Esq.
St. James's Theatre.

To complete our record of *The Village Coquettes* we also print the Dedication, and the Preface, neither of which is very generally known.

DEDICATION

To J. P. Harley Esq.

My Dear Sir,

My dramatic bantlings are no sooner born, than you father them. You have made my "Strange Gentleman" exclusively your

own; you have adopted Martin Stokes with equal readiness; and you still profess your willingness to do the same kind office for all future scions of the same stock.

I dedicate to you the first play I ever published; and you made for me the first play I ever produced;—the balance is in your favour, and I am afraid it will remain so.

That you may long contribute to the amusement of the public, and long be spared to shed a lustre, by the honour and integrity of your private life, on the profession which for many years you have done so much to uphold, is the sincere and earnest wish of, my dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

Charles Dickens

December 15th. 1836.

PREFACE.

"Either the Honourable Gentleman is in the right, or he is not," is a phrase in very common use within the walls of Parliament. This drama may have a plot, or it may not; and the whole affair, from beginning to end, may be great nonsense, or it may not, just as the honourable gentleman or lady who reads it may happen to think. So, retaining his own private and particular opinion upon the subject, (an opinion which he formed upwards of a year ago, when he wrote the piece,) the Author leaves every such gentleman or lady, to form his or hers, as he or she may think proper, without saying one word to influence or conciliate them.

All he wishes to say is this:—that he hopes MR. BRAHAM, and all the performers who assisted in the representation of this opera, will accept his warmest thanks for the interest they evinced in it, from its very first rehearsal, and for their zealous efforts in his behalf—efforts which have crowned it with a degree of success far exceeding his most sanguine anticipations; and of which no form of words could speak his acknowledgment.

It is needless to add that the *libretto* of an opera must be, to a certain extent, a mere vehicle for the music; and that it is scarcely fair or reasonable to judge it by those strict rules of criticism which would be justly applicable to a five-act tragedy, or a finished comedy.

VII.

The Village Coquettes did not have such a good run as *The Strange Gentleman*. It was withdrawn on the 24th December. But it must have achieved a certain amount of popularity, for it was revived for a few nights in the following January, February, April and May; we have seen a play-bill for 27th April, 1837, in which it is referred to as "the favourite piece" and another for 17th May, 1837, announcing the performance "by special desire."

Although Dickens was proud enough of the presentation of his work at the time, in the light of later successes in the field for which he was much better suited, he was able to appraise this work at its true value. "Let the opera sink into its native obscurity," he wrote in 1843; and referring also to *The Strange Gentleman*, "I wouldn't repeat them for a thousand pounds apiece, and devoutly wish them to be forgotten."

FORSTER'S CRITICISM OF *THE VILLAGE COQUETTES*

FORSTER'S long criticism of the "operatic burletta," *The Village Coquettes*, to which reference is made on page 168 of this number, is here printed in full as it appeared in "The Examiner" for 11th December, 1836. It represents what was probably his first criticism of Dickens's work; we are not certain that the review of the first six numbers of *Pickwick* which appeared in "The Examiner" for 4th September, 1836 (reprinted in *The Dickensian*, 1936, page 281) was actually the work of Forster.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

An opera, or, as they call it at this house, *an operatic burletta*, in two acts, entitled the *Village Coquettes*—"the drama" and the "words of the songs" by Boz; the "music by John Hullah"—was produced on Tuesday evening. This piece is a compound of General Burgoyne's *Lord of the Manor*, and of Jerrold's *Rent-day*, but very far inferior to either. The scene is laid in a country village in England, in the year 1729, and the costume of that day is attempted. The plot and dialogue are totally unworthy of Boz.

One *Squire Norton* (Mr Braham), a wealthy man,—a compound of the *Truemore* and *Sir John Contrast* of Burgoyne, with a considerable spice of Bickerstaff's *Hawthorn* added,—has picked up a fashionable swindler, the *Honourable Sparkins Flam* (Mr Barnett),—an imitation of Burgoyne's *Young Contrast*,—and these two gentlemen amuse themselves with paying some compliments to a couple of country lasses, *Lucy Benson* and *Rose* (Miss Rainforth and Miss Smith),—whereupon these ladies, dismissing a couple of country lovers, *George Edmunds* and *John Maddox* (Messrs Bennett and Gardner), and being taken by the glitter of greatness in a most womanly and natural manner, prefer the men clad in purple and fine linen to the tillers of the earth. A busy-body, one *Mr Martin Stokes* (Harley) now acquaints old *Farmer Benson* (Strickland) that these young ladies have moonlight assignations with our two patricians. The old farmer falls into a fury; the bumpkin lovers and a virtuous brother join him; and all straightway utter certain admitted and well worn sentiments which are sure to touch the springs of feeling in all those who are not absolutely sick of the old clap-trap, and taken ill whenever they hear it. These sentiments are to be met with in Burgoyne's opera of the *Lord of the Manor*, and are pretty strongly iterated in Jerrold's *Rent-day*. After all this takes place, and when the usual epithets (which poor men in a passion, on the stage, always apply to rich ones, when the rich meddle too nearly with their domestic arrangements) have been let off, Mr Braham (the squire) incontinently resolves to turn the old farmer out of his holding, because he will not consent to the ruin of his daughter, and he also scolds a little upon the occasion; a finale thereupon is sung to the first act, and a *tableau* formed after the manner of the ejectment in the *Rent-day*.

In the second act the squire begins to think he has not behaved "exactly right," and the two young ladies presenting themselves at his house, to tell him that he is an inhuman monster for turning

out *Farmer Benson*, and that they never really preferred him or his friend *Flam* to their two barn-door lovers, he very generously permits them to stay in the farm, father and brother, and lovers and all. He then marches off and tells the farmer his resolution, and gives a ball to celebrate the event. From this ball his friend, the *Honourable Sparkins Flam*, contrives to steal the squire's former innamorato for him, but without his knowledge. This causes *Flam* to be knocked down, and be brought back a prisoner. The squire turns his friend out of his house, swearing he had no hand in it, and the ball goes on.

Not to speak of the lack of originality which this piece presents, it has also the demerit of having the incidents, such as they are, most clumsily hung together. The ejectment scene and *tableau à la Rent Day*, for instance, concludes one act in which the landlord is irritated to the highest degree. The next act commences at once with the same gentleman remorseful, and in this mood the two coquettes are introduced to pay him a visit—repentant as a pair of Magdalens, the only non-repentant among them being the squire's partner, *Mr Flam*, and him they turn out of the room. Now instead of converting the inflammatory landlord by their prayers or reasoning powers, the ladies at once proceed to acquaint him that nothing but the fine attitudes of himself and friend had gained their affections, so he had better let their relations stay in the farm ; and they add that they had discovered that their quondam village lovers were much better men than the squire and his friend. This address, so *likely* to soothe the irritation of a gentleman in the squire's circumstances, and so extremely judicious, causes the squire to swear that they shall remain in the farm. *Mr Flam*, of course, is in disgrace with the ladies, and the squire intimates to him that they must now be let alone. After this, and during the ball which the squire gives to celebrate his repentance, *Miss Lucy*, the squire's choice, makes the audience to understand that she is miserable, and that the late events have incapacitated her for dancing, her young man not having quite got over her turning him off ;—she therefore takes the immoral *Mr Flam's* arm, and strolls into the garden, the said *Flam* having a carriage ready to carry her off for the squire. Now as the squire is repentant, the lady repentant, and *Flam* out of favour with both, this is all vastly mysterious ; however, at the fall of the curtain, Mr Harley came forward, and asked the audience "if it were all right ?" They made a great din—we presume in acquiescence—and he then proceeded to beg favour for the piece, in that whining, half apologetic, all-familiar strain, now so very common on our stage. He desired the audience to applaud. They applauded. To repeat the same. They repeated it ; and a disgusting farce was kept up between the favourite actor and his patrons, which we can hardly think will bear repetition, unless the house is on all occasions filled with orders.

When the curtain fell, Braham brought out Miss Rainforth, she pulled on Miss Smith, Bennet and Strickland followed, Barnett and all the rest paraded themselves. And then the audience screamed for Boz. Now, we have a great respect and liking for Boz ; the Pickwick Papers have made him, as our readers are very well aware, an especial favourite with us ; and we have no idea of his being exhibited gratis. Bad as the opera is, however, we feel assured that if Mr Braham will make arrangements to parade the real living Boz every night after that opera he will insure for it a certain attraction.

Boz appeared, and bowed, and smiled and disappeared, and left the audience in perfect consternation that he neither resembled the portraits of Pickwick, Snodgrass, Winkle or Tupman. Some critics in the gallery were said to have expected Samuel Weller. The disappointment was deeply and generally felt. We think, however, that Mr Braham has still a right to exhibit a large wood-cut of Pickwick on his bills, with an intimation that Boz will be shown nightly after the opera. It would be no very exaggerated theatrical puff according to the present system.

We have now to say a word of the music, and we are compelled to state that its utter insignificance makes our task a brief one. The only song which we think to have any merit is that commencing "Autumn leaves." It is introduced by rather a pretty obligato passage on the horn. This song was sung very neatly by Mr Bennet. The finale to the first act is not remarkable, but yet not devoid of merit. There is in the finale to the first act a short quintette which is very well harmonized. The instrumentation throughout the opera is not appropriate; but the band of this theatre is so inefficient, that it can hardly do justice to any music. In this band there is a little boy who beats the drums, but never tunes them. He should be whipt.

The costume is absolutely disfiguring. Mr Braham himself is inducted into the strangest red velvet coat we can remember to have seen, surmounted by a hunting-cap, and underwritten by a pair of long gaiters. Signor somebody, who exhibits wax figures, and rejoices in mounted men who ride in procession through the streets, might study Mr Braham's costume with advantage for his cavalry.

Miss Rainforth had not one note of music in which she could use her talents with any effect. This young lady (evidently brought before the public of the metropolis, as is too frequently the case without having had any previous practice in the country) labours under the disadvantage of being completely a novice in the business of the stage. However, to our thinking, she evinces promise of becoming a fair actress in serious characters; and, as far as the part allowed, she manifested evidently a very proper conception of it; but, alas! she was dressed more like *Deborah Woodcock* than any other person we know of. Miss Smith acted the part of *Rose*. We have already given it as our opinion that this young lady should never sing except with her sister. Of Mr Strickland's ill-used farmer we are happy to speak favourably, and Mr Parry was as effective in the virtuous brother as the part would allow. Harley made as much of a *Paul Pry* kind of character as possible. Mr Barnett made a miserable business of a fop; his acting was harsh, overstrained, and unnatural.

Mr Hullah is, we understand, a young gentleman of the Royal Academy. We think he has completely mistaken the *genre* of English music. We must conceive it to be an error to set English words to music after the manner of any foreign school. We think that words so set never can be effective. Barnett has set English words for the drama with more success than any composer of the present day except Weber: and the manner in which that great composer treated *Oberon* proves that the English lyrical drama is capable of a distinctive school.

We hear that an opera composed by Barnett is about to appear at Drury-lane. The composer will there meet with a band capable of giving any music effect, and we shall be most happy to see our national opera vindicated.

MACRONE AND THE REISSUE OF *SKETCHES BY BOZ*

IN *The Dickensian* for 1934, pages 135-143 and 163-172, we printed for the first time the whole of the known correspondence of Dickens with John Macrone, the publisher of his first book, *Sketches by Boz*.

Macrone was a very astute publisher; he recognised the genius which had produced *The Pickwick Papers* long before they had caught the public favour, and the second monthly number had only been out a few days when he arranged for Dickens to write a novel for him for the sum of £200. Three months later another publisher, Richard Bentley, entered into an agreement with Dickens for the publication of two novels at £500 apiece. (Reference is made to this on page 199 of the current number.)

As Dickens found he could now sell for £500 what he had previously sold for £200, he set to work to cancel the agreement with Macrone, and in that he was successful. On 5th January, 1837, he made a bargain with Macrone, which no doubt at the time he considered a very good piece of business. He sold that publisher the copyright in the *Sketches*, both series, for the sum of £100, and the return of his letter agreeing to write a novel for £200. A facsimile of this arrangement was printed on page 171 of *The Dickensian* for 1934.

But Dickens was only laying up trouble for himself and the publishers of *Pickwick*. Some time towards the end of May, 1837, Dickens learnt that Macrone was intending to issue the *Sketches* in monthly parts, and so reap some of the reward that was within his reach due to the increasing popularity of each monthly part of *Pickwick*.

Dickens was furious. He at once sought the aid of his new friend, Forster, in the following letter now printed in full for the first time from the original in the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Forster quotes only a portion of it in his "Life of Dickens.")

48 Doughty Street,
Mecklenburg Square,
Friday Evening.

My Dear Forster,

I heard half-an-hour ago, on authority which leaves me in no doubt about the matter (from the binder of *Pickwick* in fact), that Macrone intends publishing a new issue of my *Sketches* in monthly parts of nearly the same size and in just the same form as the *Pickwick Papers*.

I need not tell you that this is calculated to injure me most seriously, or that I have a very natural and most decided objection to being supposed to presume upon the success of the *Pickwick*, and thus foist this old work upon the public in its new dress for the mere purpose of putting money in my own pocket. Neither need I say that the fact of my name being before the town, attached to three publications at the same time, must prove seriously prejudicial to my reputation. As you are acquainted with the

circumstances under which these copyrights were disposed of, and as I know I may rely on your kind feeling, may I beg you to wait upon Macrone, and to state in the strongest and most emphatic manner my feeling on this point. I wish him to be reminded of the sums he paid for those books; of the sale he has had for them of the extent to which he has already pushed them; and of the very great profits he must necessarily have acquired from them I wish him also to be reminded that no intention of publishing them in this form was in the remotest manner hinted to me, by him or on his behalf, when he obtained possession of the copyright. I then wish you to put it to his feelings of common honesty and fair dealing whether after this communication he will persevere in his intention.

I feel it necessary to add—not as a hasty threat, but as my deliberate and well considered determination—that if this new issue does appear, I shall advertise in all the newspapers that it does so, not only without my sanction, but in opposition to my express request; that it is of no advantage, whatsoever, to me and that I most earnestly and emphatically entreat all my friends and supporters to abstain from purchasing it. Wherever he advertises this work, I will advertise this statement.

I have only to add that in case you should be met with the assertion that the preparations he has made have involved him in great expense already, and that this is a reason for his persisting in his design • Chapman and Hall, knowing my feeling on the subject are ready and willing to buy the copyrights and to consider this circumstance in settling the amount of the purchase money.

If you will undertake this mission you will confer lasting obligation on

My Dear Forster

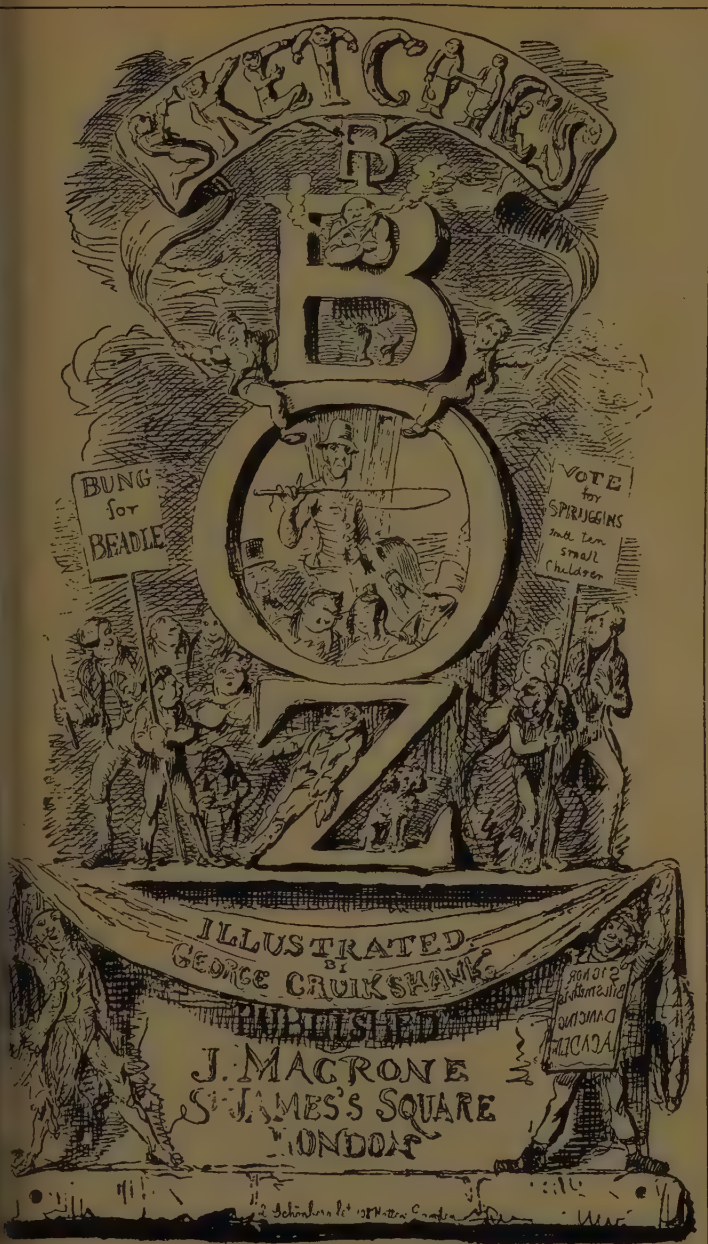
Yours most faithfully

CHARLES DICKENS.

John Forster Esqre.

Forster certainly had a very hard task. Naturally, Macrone was not going to budge an inch from his position, sound both legally and morally; and when Forster suggested to him that perhaps he would resell the copyright to Dickens, he named a sum that staggered Forster; he strongly advised Dickens not to negotiate for the repurchase, but "to keep quiet for a time." We do not know what Forster expected by this latter piece of advice; did he think Macrone was bluffing in his plan to exercise his right to publish just how he pleased? At any rate, Macrone was determined. He had already commissioned Cruikshank to design a cover, which we reproduce for the first time on the opposite page through the courtesy of Mr. William Miller. Forster quotes a further letter from Dickens, but unfortunately the original letter is not to be found in the Forster Collection, so we must content ourselves by printing the portion preserved by Forster. It was as follows:

I sent down just now to know whether you were at home (two o'clock), as Chapman and Hall were with me, and, the case


SKETCHES
BY
BOZ
BUNG for BEADLE
VOTE for SPRUGGINS and ten small Children
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK
PUBLISHED BY J. MACRONE ST JAMES'S SQUARE LONDON

being urgent, I wished to have the further benefit of your kind advice and assistance. Macrone and his friend (arcades ambo) waited on them this morning, and after a long discussion peremptorily refused to take one farthing less than the two thousand pounds. The friend repeated the statement of figures which he made to you yesterday, and put it to Hall whether he could say from his knowledge of such matters that the estimate of probable profit was exorbitant. Hall, whose judgment may be relied on in such matters, could not dispute the justice of the calculation. And so the matter stood. In this dilemma it occurred to them (my *Pickwick* men), whether, if the *Sketches* MUST appear in monthly numbers it would not be better for them to appear for their benefit and mine conjointly, than for Macrone's sole use and behoof; whether they, having all the *Pickwick* machinery in full operation, could not obtain for them a much larger sale than Macrone could ever get, and whether, even at this large price of two thousand pounds, we might not, besides retaining the copyright, reasonably hope for a good profit on the outlay. These suggestions having presented themselves, they came straight to me (having obtained a few hours respite), and proposed that we should purchase the copyrights between us for the two thousand pounds, and publish them in monthly parts. I need not say that no other form of publication would repay the expenditure; and they wish me to explain by an address that *they*, who may be fairly put forward as the parties, have been driven into that mode of publication, or the copyright would have been lost. I considered the matter in every possible way I sent for you, but you were out. I thought of (what, need not be repeated, now that all is past and gone) and consented. Was I right? I think you will say yes.

And so the £2,000 was paid and an agreement signed on 17th June. The arbitrary Forster could not see the justice of the transaction although Dickens did. "I was glad to have been no party to a price so exorbitant," says Forster, concluding with the remark that it profited Macrone extremely little, for he "died in hardly more than two years." Forster is wrong here, for Macrone died in the September after making this bargain. Later, as we know, Dickens made considerable exertions on behalf of his widow and children.

W. D.

PEN PICTURES FROM DICKENS

LADIES in crinolines, in graceful evenings gowns of ninety years ago, with becoming ringlets in their pretty coiffures, in coaching coat with gay bonnet topped with tiny feathers, or with afternoon tea frock, bonnet and best shawl, vied with the buxom-landlady type in apron, kerchief and cap, as characters from Dickens's novels paraded before the members of the Winnipeg Branch at their March meeting.

The programme which followed was entitled "Pen Pictures from Dickens." Members were tested for their knowledge when a group of the ladies described ten characters and then acted ten scenes. Everyone had a sheet of paper to mark down their guesses. There were two prizes, a first and a consolation. The ladies won them both.

SOPHY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

By EDITH MARY LUKE

ON the eve of her departure for school the Cheap Jack decided to give Sophy a birthday party. So he drew his van up to the edge of a grove as they were nearing London town and took stock of his accommodation for guests. " It was a roomy cart with the large goods hung outside, and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging-shelf and a cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want ? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew and you wouldn't call the Emperor of France your father."

Would Sophy like a birthday party ? In the sign language that they both had to use, he laid the matter before her and found her full of enthusiasm. They would not say anything about its being her birthday until the guests arrived. The Cheap Jack, otherwise known as Doctor Marigold, could hardly realise that his adopted daughter was almost sixteen ! How lovely she was with her luxuriant hair and shining eyes—eyes that could express more than most people can say in words ! She was so like his own dear little Sophy that sometimes it seemed that death never could have visited him at all. Was it possible that he had bought this child from Mim, the showman, for half-a-dozen pairs of braces ! Ill-used by her stepfather, deaf and dumb, cruelly beaten—no one could have believed that she could be so transformed !

Whom should they invite to the party and what should be their menu ? In their various sojourns in and around London they had made quite a wide acquaintance ; so Little Nelly Trent was Sophy's first choice—" and Kit must come with her," she said, wisely, " for her grandfather goes out every night by himself and leaves her alone."

" Little Nell." The Cheap Jack entered the name on the list of guests. " Who next ? "

" The Doll's Dressmaker," Sophy replied, clapping her hands, as she always did when she was pleased. " And dear Lizzie Hexam must come to take her home," she added, " because her back is so bad and her legs are so queer."

" And what about the Marchioness ? " the Cheap Jack asked.

" Oh, yes, Father ; and Dick Swiveller must escort her home. They are both such good fun. I'd like to have Little Dorrit too, but I doubt she would leave her father, and it might be difficult for her to get back to the Marshalsea in the evening.

" And Father, dear, we must have Trotty Veck and Meg—and I think we had better stop there or the cart won't hold them all—but then we'll sit on the grass under the trees as soon as supper is over. Shall it be a tea party or a supper party, Father ? "

The Cheap Jack gave the matter careful consideration and then announced :

" It shall be both. You know I am a neat hand at cookery, so I'll knock up a beefsteak pudding with kidneys, and mushrooms thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good humour with everything, except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. We'll have a veal and ham pie, a leg of pickled pork, a pair of fowls and suitable garden stuff. Leave it to me to think of many other good things, my Pretty."

The great day arrived. The cart was shining from end to end. There were flowers in the windows and Sophy was wearing such a pretty white muslin dress, with blue ribbons in her hair and a blue sash.

The first arrivals were the Marchioness and Mr. Swiveller, and while Sophy was pointing out the wonders of the cart to the Marchioness, Dick was telling the Cheap Jack, whom he addressed deferentially as Doctor Marigold, how he met the young woman to whom he was now engaged to be married. " I was studying law with the renowned Sampson and Sally Brass," he said, " when I became aware that there was a small servant below stairs, who never saw daylight and was kept very short in the matter of food. One night, when I was having my game of cribbage, with a dummy for fifty thousand pounds a side, I saw an eye gleaming and glistening at the keyhole. It was my little Marchioness peeping through the keyhole for company.

" You don't tell me," said the Cheap Jack, with great interest.

" Yes, so I brought her a plate of bread and beef from across the way and a pot of a very fragrant compound. When her hunger was satisfied I taught her cribbage. Soon she played a better game than I play myself," said Mr. Swiveller proudly.

" Then came my illness, and it was only her nursing that brought me back to life."

" You sent her to school, did you not ? " asked Dr. Marigold, thinking of his plans for Sophy's education.

" Yes, just at that time my Aunt left me a legacy and I thought, who so well entitled to it as the Marchioness ; so away to school she went, and now behold her an accomplished and beautiful young lady and my affianced wife."

" As wonderful as a fairy story," the Cheap Jack declared. Do you mind if I tell Sophy."

Receiving assent, he rapidly gave Sophy the story in the sign language.

Now Trotty Veck and Meg arrived. Toby very much out of breath from his pace which meant speed if it did not make it. He was very eager to tell Dr. Marigold about the delicious tripe that Meg had brought him for dinner while he was on his beat a few days ago.

" I thought it was Polonies," said Trotty. " Then I guessed Trotters, then liver, or chitterlings."

" At last," continued Meg, taking up the story, " he said, ' Why what am I a-thinking of. I shall forget my own name next. It's tripe.' "

Meg's delight over the happy surprise she had given her father was so infectious that they all laughed heartily.

Then came the Dolls' Dressmaker leaning on the arm of noble Lizzie Hexam. "If we are late, it's my fault," said the little creature. "I'm so pressed for time. I had a doll married last week and was obliged to work all night. And it's not good for me on account of my back being so bad and my legs so queer."

It transpired that Lizzie knew the sign language, so she and Sophy were soon fast friends.

The party was complete when Little Nell arrived, chivalrously escorted by Kit. She was at that time in the full beauty of her radiant childhood, for it was before she realised her grandfather's weakness, and before Quilp's cruelty had sent them adrift on their long journey.

After ample justice had been done to the veal and ham pie, the leg of pickled pork, the pair of fowls and all the other good things, Dick, in felicitous language proposed Sophy's health, and the Cheap Jack responded, first giving Sophy, in sign language, a *résumé* of what Mr. Swiveller had said.

Then they sat on the steps of the cart—Sophy's happy home—or lolled on the grass under the spreading oak that shaded the cart.

"Father," Sophy signalled to him, "You must tell them why you are called 'Doctor Marigold.'"

Nothing loath, the Cheap Jack stood professionally on the steps of his cart and related his story, in the long twilight of the June evening.

"I am a Cheap Jack and my own father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William. On this point I content myself with looking at the argument this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery. I was born on the Queen's Highway, but it was the King's at that time. A doctor was fetched to my own mother by my own father, when it took place on a common; and in consequence of his being a very kind gentleman and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me, Doctor Marigold."

"Lizzie," said Sophy, signing to her friend, "ask Father to tell you how he makes his sales—for he is the most wonderful Cheap Jack in all England."

At Lizzie's request the Cheap Jack mounted the footboard of his cart, as he was wont to do on a Saturday night in the market-place.

"Now here, my free and independent woters, I am a-going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I'll show you what I'm a-going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians; here's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold; here's a frying pan artificially flavoured with essence of beefsteak to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping on it and there you are replete with animal food. Stop—I'll throw you in a rolling-pin and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth

when its teeth is coming and rub the gums once with it, they'll come through double in a fit of laughter equal to being tickled." (Dick and Kit and all the others laughed uproariously.)

"It'll be awful lonesome in the cart without Sophy," whispered Doctor Marigold to Lizzie. "I don't know how I'm going to leave London without her, but it will do me a world of good to know that you will visit her at the school."

"Yes," Lizzie replied, "And the Marchioness says she would like to visit her too, and Little Nell and Meg. And Jenny Wren will take along some of her handsomest dolls in bridal costumes, and what not. Grownups like them just as well as children, they are so lifelike."

"God bless you for your kindness," said the Cheap Jack, as he bade them all good-night.

THE HATFIELD OF ELIZABETH AND DICKENS

An Elizabethan Pageant and Dickens Fair will be held in the historic grounds of Hatfield House on August Bank Holiday and will provide a unique opportunity for visitors from Home and Overseas to see under ideal conditions one of the most beautiful of England's historic homes.

Of course, Queen Elizabeth, who held her first council in the Great Hall at Hatfield, is the principal attraction; but Dickens had many associations with the House and the adjacent village where, it will be remembered, Mr. Lirriper is buried. "The Salisbury Arms" at which Mrs. Lirriper put up and at which Dickens stayed more than once, is an inn no longer, but a delightful private residence. Dickens's first visit here was at the end of November, 1835, when he was sent to Hatfield by "The Morning Chronicle" to report on the disastrous fire in which the Marchioness of Salisbury lost her life. A long and interesting letter written from "The Salisbury Arms" is printed on pp. 37-39 of "Mr and Mrs. Charles Dickens; His Letters to Her." Then, too, we must not forget that Bill Sikes assisted in putting out this fire after he had fled from the "small public house . . . by the Church" at Hatfield—"The Eight Bells"—where the mountebank pedlar offered him the "Infallible and invaluable composition for removing . . . wine stains, fruit stains, beer stains—and blood stains" which caused Sikes' precipitate flight when the vendor attempted to remove the blood stains from his hat.

There is a record in Dickens's Diary for 1838, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, that Dickens and Phiz stayed at "The Salisbury Arms" towards the end of October, 1838, en route for the Yorkshire Schools.

A most attractive programme has been arranged for the forthcoming Pageant, under the Chairmanship of Mr. A. W. Bond, of the Hatfield Branch, from whom fuller particulars may be obtained; his address is 76 Brookmans Avenue, Brookmans Park, Herts. Transport by train or motor coach is very frequent, and there is ample parking space for cars in the Park itself. Our Hatfield Branch have had such successful Dickens pageants the past couple of years, as already reported in *The Dickensian*, that we confidently look forward to a record attendance on this occasion.

REFORM AS A DICKENS BACKGROUND

By JAMES FISHER

I.

THE claim is frequently made that Dickens was a social reformer; and any suggestion that, at best, he but pointed the way to airer social conditions is viewed with disfavour. There can be no loubt that he hated oppression and was possessed with a genuine ove for the poor and downtrodden. That, however, scarcely con-titutes him a social reformer, or most Dickensians would be social eformers. On the other hand, he seems to have imagined that he iad some claim to the position: "I am a Reformer heart and soul," ie wrote; but so might many good citizens write and yet have no laim to anything beyond good intentions. Leaving a legitimate nd sound claim that Dickens was a great story teller, our greatest umorist, and a creator of characters, many of his admirers put forward he illegitimate claim that he was a social reformer. This we must xamine; and try to estimate the efficiency of his thoughts in social isorders and to conjecture their worth as a driving force.

If Dickens were alive to-day, what would be his reaction to our ocial evils? The evils are mainly the same as they were in his day, ome of them intensified. To those problems Dickens would bring ist that mind with which he viewed his contemporary troubles; nd the remedies that his mind then formulated were quite inadequate:)-day they would be hopeless. They are parochial and wrongly based;)r his philosophy rested on no definite moral or material basis. He as all for palliatives, and relied very largely on the visionary and eeting results of private benevolence and charitable enterprise.

II.

Let us examine the position by the aid of the material in the *'hristmas Books* which formed the study of the Fellowship for the ast session. They are five in number, beginning with *A Christmas 'arol* in 1843, and ending with *The Haunted Man* in 1847. Dickens imself describes their general outlook as the "Carol philosophy, heerful views, sharp anatomisation of humbug, jolly good temper, nd a vein of glowing, hearty, generous, mirthful beaming reference everything to home and fireside."* That is no small claim to make r five short stories, and certainly they contain all these qualities in superlative degree. But they contain a good deal more than fun nd frolic, however excellent these may be, for they epitomise the cial gospel of Charles Dickens. In them he touches on the perennial oblems of wealth and poverty, of masters and men, of philanthropy nd general social betterment. How stood our land in those days, arcely a century ago? Let us see.

While Dickens was publishing these *Christmas Books*, the country as undergoing all the horrors of plenty and poverty, of over-work nd want of work. At that time, workmen were to all intents and

* Forster's "Life." Book V. Ch. 1.

purposes slaves, and little children were actual slaves ; and none enjoye those advantages which, I understand, are the inalienable rights coloured slaves, namely good housing, constant employment an sufficient food. But the terrible thing about it all was that men ha come to regard these evils as part and parcel of their lot and ther fore unchangeable ; and things are in a perilous state when this the attitude to the evils of life. And in this connection, the crux our question is : Did Dickens's attitude to social questions tend t alter this hopeless outlook ?

About this time also discontent became active. The Chartist mov ment, from which so much was expected, ended in disappointmen But the idea that all was not well continued to grow. Carlyle, fo example, believed that as work was the only thing worth while, an the worker the only hero worthy of worship, everything possible shoul be done by Government to find work really worthy of the toiler, an workers worthy of their work. If only Carlyle's philosophy of wor had been understood at that time, it would have advanced the proble of unemployment, still so clamantly with us. Carlyle was one of th pioneers of that great movement for the emancipation of the worke and the improvement of his condition in life, which even yet is i its early stages ; and he laid down principles of action which are th only true contribution to social progress.

It is well that we should have clearly in view this fundamenta difference between one who advocates general principles of socia action, and one to whom social reform is but secondary to othe interests. In a word, Carlyle was a true social reformer, whose precept are as true and effective to-day as when they were enunciated. Carlyle' remedies went to the root of the disease ; Dickens's remedies applie to a few instances only, and these unimportant. At all events, th point to notice is this ; that at best Dickens only pointed the way t the remedy of a few abuses ; Carlyle's doctrines are more alive to-da than ever before.

Let us look at this matter a little closer, for it is important. Th age of Dickens differed from our own. His outlook was not only upo a different world but was through different spectacles from those w use. I have said that vast wealth and grim persistent poverty wer the ordinary social conditions, and that these were in danger o becoming accepted as irremediable. This was probably due to th age being a time of free contract, which as Gissing tells us, " claime every man's right to sell himself as best he could, or buy as man other men as his means allowed." Since then we have moved so fa from this position that it is difficult to imagine what it actually meant To-day with individualism on its last legs, and almost all contract between man and man, and masters and men, severely regulated b law, it is well to remember the economic pit from which we are slowl emerging.

III.

When we come to think of it, the real test of a genuine social reforme is just his reaction to this new view of the functions of the State in al

matters affecting the individual. Nowhere, indeed, has a greater change taken place than in the part now played by the State in man's daily life. Carlyle saw that the crazy days of selfish and heartless individualism were coming to an end, and he sounded in no uncertain manner the new note of State aid: he it was who declared that from no affairs of the nation, or of the units composing the nation, can the State stand aloof. He never tired of saying that the cash-nexus was not the only bond between masters and men, and that wider views of responsibility must prevail, if this land were to prosper. That view seems to me to be fundamental to all true social reform for, rightly considered, it includes everything. Dickens was content that the poor should remain in the condition to which he must have believed God had appointed them; their poverty alleviated, their houses made somewhat tighter against the weather, and their children permitted to receive the elements of education, he did not greatly desire them to step out of their own sphere. Unlike Carlyle, he could not look with entire approval on the poor grown articulate about their wrongs.

To put the same thing in another way: the social views of Dickens did not develop, but remained as he first conceived them. In any dozen of his novels—and all of his stories, according to Chesterton, are Christmas stories—though the plots change, and scenery and characters vary, the background of his social remedies is ever the same. His remedies are simple but inadequate. You remember that delightful bookkeeper, Tim Linkinwater, who is always having his salary raised by his exuberantly philanthropic employers, the Cheeryble Brothers. You remember also that *A Christmas Carol* ends with the raising of Bob Cratchit's salary; and again you recollect that Kit is made happy with some small recompense from Mr. Wickfield. But you will also recollect that Dickens has no word of any of these characters stepping out of their own sphere—they lived and died, the recipients of eleemosynary relief. Now, the mind of Dickens mirrored those evil social conditions, and he used them to further his aims as a popular novelist. We have the poverty of the Cratchits, whose father received fifteen shillings a week; we have the poverty of the ticket porter, Trotty Veck, who waits all day under the church tower on the chance of earning a few pence; we have the dire straits of William Fern, the unemployed worker; and we have the distressful prolificness of that delightful family of Tetterbys. These are but a few of the characters who are below the poverty line in domestic finance, and yet who are up on the heights in their enjoyment of life. Indeed, all their houses are of the smallest; all their families of the largest; all their incomes non-existent; they seem to live upon one another. You remember that Bob Cratchit knew the inside of the pawnbrokers; the young Tetterbys had to fight one another for their meals; and Trotty Veck is not quite sure where his next dinner is to come from. These are the general social conditions of those imaginary characters, and we know that there were tens of thousands of real men and women in similar straits. Yet, strange to say, they are happy.

In *The Haunted Man* we are told that the numerous Tetterbys who had to scramble for food, were "an unselfish, good-natured yielding little race." Now, that is the treatment of dire distress tha we find in the novels of Dickens. You remember Kit and famil at the theatre, a few oranges and a glorious night; you recollec the Cratchit's Christmas dinner, the poor dinner of Trotty Veck the ball given by Mr. Fezziwig to his poor and over-worked employee In every one of them is the joy of the feast, however poor: the spir of Christmas had indeed in each case shed fragrance from his torc over all. The greater the poverty, the greater seems to be the conten ment; even the boy who was suspected of not having board enoug from his master, enjoyed himself at the Fezziwig feast. This di poverty, these poor surroundings, Dickens was content to examine a an entomologist might examine a butterfly. In these books, especially we find sentimental expressions about those cruel conditions; and w are apt to lose sight of want and unemployment in the boisterous fu of the feast. But all the characters end as they began; the Tetterby more prolific and poorer; the Cratchits, I suspect, in much the sam state; Trotty Veck still a porter waiting for jobs; William Fern sti suspected of revolutionary thoughts; even the 'prentices of Fezziwi were left to go to bed which, we are told, "was under a counter i the back shop." The happiness of each and all is made to depen on a full stomach, and we are made to forget that such a solutio solves no social problems.

IV.

Notwithstanding these considerations, I imagine that the clai that Dickens was a social reformer will still be put forward. Eve the concession, which I gladly make, that he but pointed the way ar followed in the footsteps of the real workers for reform will not satisf I may be referred to his terrible descriptions of districts and buildin like that of Tom-All-Alone's, and asked: Whether that is not a pl for better housing?; to such characters as Jo who is described "not a genuine foreign-grown savage, but the ordinary home-mad article, dirty, ugly, and disagreeable to all the senses, in body a commo creature of the common streets, only in soul a heathen," and asked Is this not an indictment of our dealings with the destitute?; or his great and convincing description of the Court of Chancery whe everything and everybody, from Judge to the law itself, is surround by impenetrable fog, and asked: Is this not a plea for the abolitio of that hoary institution? It is undoubted that in each of these viv pictures Dickens was a realist, and was possessed with a sense of th absolute reality of everything he set forth. But as I have show this mode of writing was necessary for his art; indeed, he could n have written on anything but in extremes of emotion; and the co ditions of the time satisfied his requirements.

Take one example. *The Chimes* was published in 1844, in t days of the "hungry forties." Dickens himself wrote of this boo that it was his wish and hope that it should strike a blow for the poo

but what is its success on social reform ? In it he deals with poverty ; for the ticket porter, Trotty Veck, is nigh to destitution, and his miserable house is " down a mews." Trotty is the mouthpiece of a monologue on the condition of the poor : " It seems to me," he says, " as if we can't be right, or do right, or be righted. I can't make out whether we have any business on the face of the earth or not ; sometimes, I think we must be intruding." But when he smells a fair dinner, his political pessimism vanishes ; and the book ends in a pious ejaculation " that each year may be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy." But that is not social reform, nor any approach to social or any other kind of reform. Reform requires something more than the expression of a fear that the poor are intruding ; it needs the sturdy and reiterated claim that the poor are entitled to their share of the world's good things, and a reasoned plan for the accomplishment of their claim ; it means that such things as good housing, efficient sanitation, employment and sufficient wages, are theirs by right of their humanity, and in the social interest of all.

V.

Dickens possessed only that quality which we should expect from a popular novelist, namely an appeal to the emotions. Indeed, he would gladly accept a betterment of the poor by the aid of benevolence ; and their last condition in that event would be worse than the first. Not in that way are these evils to be met. When I say this, you will please try not to misunderstand me. I have already said that Dickens had the welfare of the poor at heart ; and his " *Carol* philosophy " peeps out of most of his books. For the toiling sons of men, he shows unfailing sympathy. But, strange to say, this was all done in that highly emotional manner that gets us nowhere. The feelings degenerate into sentimentality, which may produce, perhaps, a few tears but no effective aid. I do not wish to stress this limitation of our novelist's art, for, as I have said, I cannot believe that social reform was part of his purpose as a story-teller. The true social reformer must be ready at all points with considered plans and projects and convincing demonstrations of existing evils. He must be able to meet his enemies on their own ground. Dickens had none of these qualifications, nor was any of them needed for his purpose as a story-teller. It was enough for him that he saw evil conditions and said so, and so placed his characters against that dark background that all became ever memorable. It was surely enough to depict Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet and old Mr. Nandy in the Marshalsea, to draw attention to these abodes of evil ; it was sufficient to make Chancery the centre of *Bleak House*, and cause the various characters to wander around it in the densest of mental fog, to convince us that Chancery should undergo alteration ; it was obvious that, in giving us Oliver Twist in the clutches of Bumbledom, readers would agree that amelioration of the Poor Law was called for ; and so in a number of similar cases ; but that

is no more being a social reformer than Scott was a social reformer because he depicted the grime, bad housing and poverty of old Edinburgh. The plain truth is that Dickens's painting of social evils was only part of his art, and not his object.

Had he wished to become a genuine social reformer, he might quite well have entered Parliament, where his eloquence would have supplemented his novels in drawing attention in a practical way to social wrongs. He had several opportunities of becoming a candidate but refused. Doubtless he knew how powerless eloquence without knowledge really is as a contribution to such discussions. But if he would not enter Parliament, where else could he exercise his alleged wish to obtain social reform ? ; surely, only in his writings. And it is clear that we need not look to his books for an exposition of social reform ; they are literature ; not tomes of social history or remedies.

Let us be thankful then for those imperishable storehouses of joy and sorrow, of hope and courage. They will remain the permanent possession of countless generations of readers. But do not ask us to discover in them what is not there, what, if I am right, was never intended to be there, namely principles of social reform. And his tiltings at such notable wrongs as he discovered are a long way from proving that he sought to be a social reformer. And his glorification of private charity closed his eyes to the duty of the State as the proper guardian and protector of its citizens. Such are some of the curious political views of Dickens which can get us nowhere in social betterment. You remember that Mr. Podsnap did not want to hear about any newfangled notions of reorganising society on a new and better basis. Nor did Dickens. His social philosophy consisted of a few unsatisfactory odds and ends ; and we are left wondering whether he ever tried to get below the surface of social wrongs to their root causes. No trace of such an endeavour is to be found in any of his works.

THE BIRTHDAY IN WINNIPEG

The Winnipeg Branch celebrated the Birthday by a dinner attended by 150 guests. Rev. J. G. Stephens was in the Chair. Lauding the literary and humanitarian qualities of the great novelist, which made him a world-renowned figure, when lesser men were tagged with the stamp of nationalism, Mr. D. R. P. Coats proposed the toast to the Immortal Memory. Toasting "The Press," Mr. Stephens remarked on the singular appropriateness of such a toast at a Dickens Dinner. Dickens had walked the steps of the Press to ascend his high throne, and had remained a reporter all his life. In reply, Mr. J. B. McGeachy referred to the number of journals and journalists employed by Dickens in his work. He described the great author as "full of that hope and gaiety common to the age in which he lived compared with the scepticism and disillusionment of the world to-day." A reply to the toast "The Guests" proposed by Mr. Gerald Wade, was made by Senator J. T. Haig. Greetings were received from many cities and many countries, and were read by the Secretary, Mr. J. A. Davidson. Entertainment during the evening was provided by Olga Irwin and Wilford Davidson, with Nestor Ivemey at the piano.

THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT FRIENDSHIP

DICKENS'S occupation of the house in Doughty Street coincided with the commencement of the great and lasting friendship with ohn Forster, then a young man of his own age, who was on the staff f "The Examiner" and held a distinguished position in the literary orld.

Forster possessed the wonderful gift of attracting the friendship f men of culture; he was already a great friend of James Emerson, obert Browning, and Charles Lamb. Although only 22 when he ioved into his chambers on the ground floor of No. 58 Lincoln's nn Fields, his career "as writer, critic, journalist, and universal iend, may be said to have seriously begun."*

But his greatest and most famous friendship was with Dickens, hom he first knew only slightly shortly after *The Pickwick Papers* ad made its author an outstanding figure.

The notice of *The Village Coquettes* which we print on another page as undoubtedly the work of Forster, as Dickens's letter to the Editor f "The Examiner" with a copy of the book of the opera sent just few days before the opera was produced, came into Forster's posses-on, was preserved by him, and is now to be seen in the Forster ollection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Forster and Dickens first became acquainted at the house of Harrison insworth. This was probably early in 1837, as a short time after iat, when a second edition of the Second Series of *Sketches by Boz* as printed, Dickens took the opportunity of sending a copy to orster, together with the two volumes of the first series and accom-anied by the following letter now published for the first time:

Furnival's Inn.
Thursday Morning.
[? 9th February, 1837]

My dear Sir,

You will say it is no compliment, to beg your acceptance of a couple of books, which, being in their second and third editions are no longer new, and which you have already seen.

As I wish you to consider it anything but a compliment, I am perfectly content that you should say so and if you will receive them as a very small testimony of the donor's regard and obligations, as well as of his desire to cultivate and avail himself of a friendship which has been so plesantly thrown in his way—in short, if you will receive them for my sake and not for their own, you will very greatly oblige me.

Believe me,
My dear Sir,
Faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS.

John Forster Esqre.

* "Forster and His Friendships." Renton. 1912.

It would seem there had been a request from Forster that Dickens should call on him at his rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields; but Dickens found it difficult to do so, as he was just then spending a few weeks at Chalk with his wife and young baby, and was only occasionally in London. In addition, too, he was busy looking for a house to live in, the Chambers being altogether too small for him since the advent of Charles Junior.

Here is the next letter:

Furnival's Inn.
Thursday afternoon.
[23 February 1837]

My Dear Sir,

I have been hurried about this morning, among a crew (I have no better word for them) of house agents and attornies, until I have nearly missed my conveyance to Chalk, and am more than half wild besides. I am really disappointed at not being able to call on you, but will most certainly and without fail do myself that pleasure on Monday morning.

My dear Sir,

Most faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS.

Whether or not that appointment was kept, we do not know, but Forster makes the remark that "several unsuccessful attempts were made by each to get the other to his house before the door of either was opened at last."

In the first week of March, "The Examiner" gave "Bentley's Miscellany" its first notice. After remarking that the Magazine had been started "for the purpose of saying all kinds of humorous things and under the management of that laughter-moving genius of the day, whose very name has now become an antidote to ill nature or the spleen," the review continued: "The adventures of *Oliver Twist* are continued with an exquisite mingling of humour and pathos. We are bound to say this, though we regret to see the writer's talents employed upon such false points of sympathy. There is danger enough already that way, and this we hope Mr. Dickens will find out ere long. We can assure him that the meanest weapons are the best for this kind of warfare, and the meanest of hands can use them the best."

A month passed, and still the two men had not met, although Dickens and his wife had called at Forster's rooms, only to find him out. The next letter refers to this:

48 Doughty Street
Friday Morning
[7th April 1837]

My Dear Sir,

I am very sorry to hear that you have considered it necessary to bestow a second thought on our mistake of Saturday last. We only called upon you a second time in the hope of getting you to dine with us, and were much disappointed not to find you. I have delayed writing a reply to your note, meaning to call upon you.

have been so much engaged, however, in the pleasant occupation of "moving" that I have not had time; and I am obliged at last to write and say that I have been long engaged to the *Pickwick* publishers to a dinner in honour of that hero which comes off to-morrow. I am consequently unable to accept your kind invite, which I frankly own I should have liked much better.

Believe me, My Dear Sir,
Ever faithfully Yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

April passed; then May brought with it the tragic death of Mary Hogarth, after which Dickens suspended his writing and moved for a change of scene to Hampstead, and there at the end of May, Forster visited him, and in his own words "became first his guest."

More than ordinarily susceptible at the moment to all kindliest impressions, his heart opened itself to mine. I left him as much his friend, and as entirely in his confidence, as if I had known him for years. Nor had many weeks passed before he addressed to me from Doughty Street words which it is my sorrowful pride to remember have had literal fulfilment.

Forster does not print the letter in full, but here it now is:

Doughty Street
Sunday morning

My dear Forster,

A hundred thanks for your beautiful present. I am up in Harry Marten already, and delighted with the staunch and jolly hero. The biography is glorious.

Believe me, that I require no present to render more lively my assurance of your friendship or my deep conviction of its worth. I know your sterling value, and look back with unmingled pleasure to every link which each ensuing week has added to the chain of our attachment. It shall go hard, I hope, ere anything but Death impairs the toughness of a bond now so firmly riveted.

Believe me,
Ever
Faithfully and wholly yours
CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

About the riding to-morrow, come here at your own time, and we will walk to the stable to-gether.

There are two other letters, both hitherto unpublished, which probably antedate the one from which Forster quotes, and which will serve to show how quickly the great friendship was commenced, and with what firmness it continued from the very start.

48 Doughty Street
Friday Morning

Mr Dear Forster,

Let me beg your acceptance of the accompanying Nos. of the "Miscellany"—not as a matter of business, or with any view to

notices thereof, past, present, or to come, but because I should be really disappointed if I wrote anything which you had not had an early opportunity of reading.

This looks very much like vanity I dare say, but I do not mean it so. Believe me that it affords me great pleasure to hear that you continue to read my writings, and far greater pleasure than I can describe to you to hear from your own lips that poor Oliver affects you—which I take to be the highest of all praise.

Believe me with great sincerity

CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster Esqre.

I shall expect you on Tuesday, remember.

Doughty Street
Saturday.

My Dear Forster,

I ought to dine in Bloomsbury Square to-morrow, but as I would much rather go with you for a ride, and had a strong aversion to going to the other place under any circumstances, that's off, and Longman's is on ! So engage the osses.

I don't know what to say—either about your beautiful present, or the equally pleasant and gratifying expression with which you accompany it. Conclude that I am like the parrot who was doubly valuable for not speaking, because he thought a great deal more. Accept my and Mrs. Dickens's very best and warmest thanks for the mark of your friendship and esteem, coupled with an expression of our most selfish hope that our friendship may be lasting and sincere. Believe me that if I meant less, I should say a great deal more ; and that I am, my Dear Forster

Ever Faithfully Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

A MUCH NEEDED REPRINT*

" The Speeches of Dickens " has been out of print for so long that readers of *The Dickensian* will welcome this new edition at the very low price of 3/6. As the object of the Rosemary Library, of which we believe this is the first volume, is to present only reprints of books long since out of print, we suppose we must not cavil at the fact that since R. H. Shepherd gave us his edition of the Speeches in 1870, several other Dickens Speeches have come to light, so that this volume is, in a way, incomplete ; nor that Shepherd's Preface (having practically nothing whatever to do with Dickens as a public speaker) excellent as it was in 1870 is entirely out of date, and in some respects incorrect. With an editor such as Sir John Squire, and with Mr. Bernard Darwin to write an introduction (admirably done in his own inimitable fashion) we might have had something better ; but as we say, the scope of this new series only covers reprints.

* " The Speeches of Charles Dickens," with an introduction by Bernard Darwin. The Rosemary Library edited by Sir John Squire. Michael Joseph Ltd. 3s. 6d.

EDWIN DROOD AGAIN

By WM. ARCHER CLARK

IN the December, 1936, number of *The Dickensian*, there appeared an instalment of an excellent article by C. F. Lehmann-Haupt on that greatest of all mysteries, *Edwin Drood*.

Like all lovers of Dickens, I am intensely interested in this, Dickens's last and unfinished story, but, for reasons I am about to give, I cannot agree with several of the conclusions expressed by Mr. Lehmann-Haupt.

In 1930, on page 151 of *The Dickensian*, was published a letter from me in which, *inter alia*, I wrote as follows :—

> " I would like to call attention to the following important sentence from the mouth of Jasper. He speaks of ' a hazardous and perilous journey over abysses, where a slip would be destruction.' My knowledge of English cathedrals is extensive, as I have explored and photographed them all. It is my belief that Dickens, in this sentence, alludes to the space in all stone-vaulted cathedrals between the vaulting and the external high-pitched and usually leaded roof. These spaces form dark galleries, filled with huge dusty roof timbers, where one has to walk along a narrow ledge with ' abysses ' or cavernous depths on either side.
>
> " It would be an easy matter for one person to follow another, as Jasper might have followed Edwin Drood, and a slight push from behind would seal the fate of the victim, while the body, in the days of Dickens when cathedrals were more or less neglected, might easily remain undiscovered for a long period."

During 1936 I went to Rochester Cathedral three times in order to make sure of my facts, and the Dean—an old and highly-esteemed friend—granted me every facility for investigation and also for photography. As the result of these visits, I am more than ever convinced that those significant words uttered by Jasper in his dream referring to a " hazardous and perilous journey over abysses where a slip would be destruction," are the key words of the tragedy and that Edwin Drood met his fate (not necessarily his death) at the only point in the cathedral which fits this description, viz., the path over the vaulting of the Choir or Eastern Transepts. I think we can be certain that before Dickens began to write *Edwin Drood*, he had carefully surveyed the locale of the tragedy to be, and especially the cathedral. He would know also, that any error relating to the various parts of the building, would be at once noticed, and this alone would make him very careful.

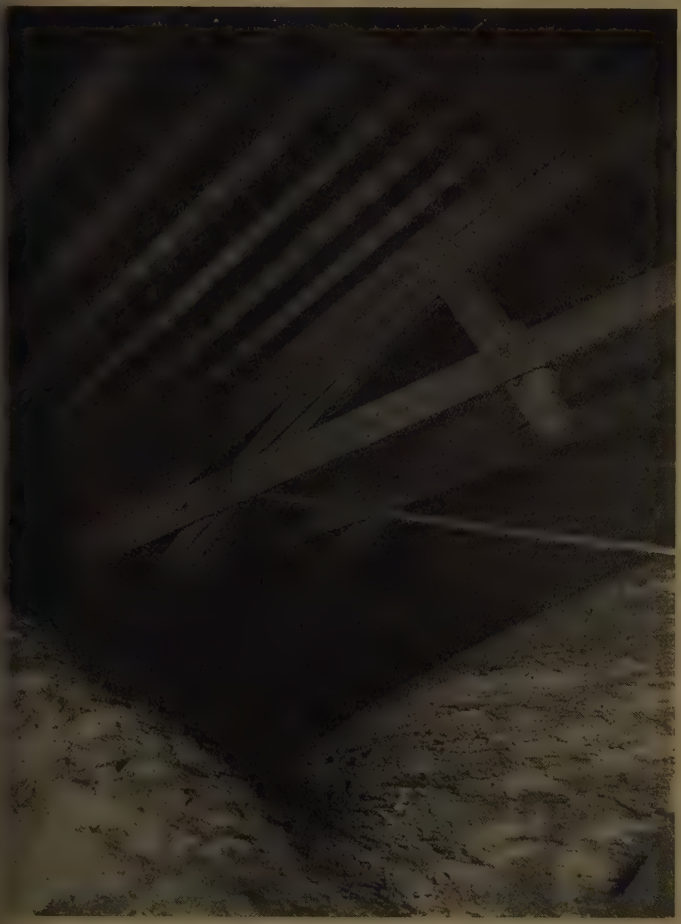
Let us try to reconstruct the tragedy. Jasper has decided, under the cloak of friendship, to remove his rival. He dreams of his crime before and after it is committed, assisted by opium. The night of the storm provides the opportunity. Jasper suggests to Edwin that they shall visit the Tower to see the lightning or for some other plausible reason. The noise of the storm—thunder, lightning, wind—would effectually cover up any screams or other sounds incident to the tragedy. Let us follow them—they would enter the cathedral at the point recognised

then and now as the way to the tower, viz., the north-west angle of the east transept. Ascending the circular newel staircase, they emerge

Photograph specially taken for "The Dickensian" by W. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

on the leads with a low parapet on the right and the remains of Gundulf's Norman tower below. Through a low doorway opposite (see photograph, above) access is given to the space over the vaulting

with the heavy timbers of the roof overhead. The vault is cone-shaped and drops steeply to the side walls, creating a series of pockets (see



Photograph specially taken for "The Dickensian" by W. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

photograph above). Along the crest there now runs a narrow wood pathway with a handrail on either side, but it is probable that in Dickens's day there was at least no handrail. There may have

been no wooden " duck board " either. Edwin goes in front wit Jasper behind, and upon entering the vaulted-space, turns righ towards the tower, entered by a low doorway opposite (see photograph opposite). It would only need a slight push from behind from Jaspe to left or right, to send Edwin headlong into the " abyss " where hi head would strike the wall, causing either death or unconsciousness I am fairly sure that the latter is indicated for reasons which I wil unfold later.

And now, why do I rule out the tower as the place of the tragedy

(1) Upon entering the belfry or ringing chamber in the tower, throug the low doorway already referred to, we observe that access t the upper part is restricted to large wooden vertical ladders, bu the very important drawing on the cover of *Edwin Drood* distinctly shows a circular staircase.

(2) Note the plural " abysses " which does not fit the tower, bu does describe the vaulting exactly.

(3) Mr. C. F. Lehmann-Haupt sums up as follows :—

> " Thus Edwin was strangled by Jasper with his scarf on thei way up the tower, his body was rolled over into the Close, an deposited, in the lime of the rubbish in Mrs. Sapsea's monu ment."

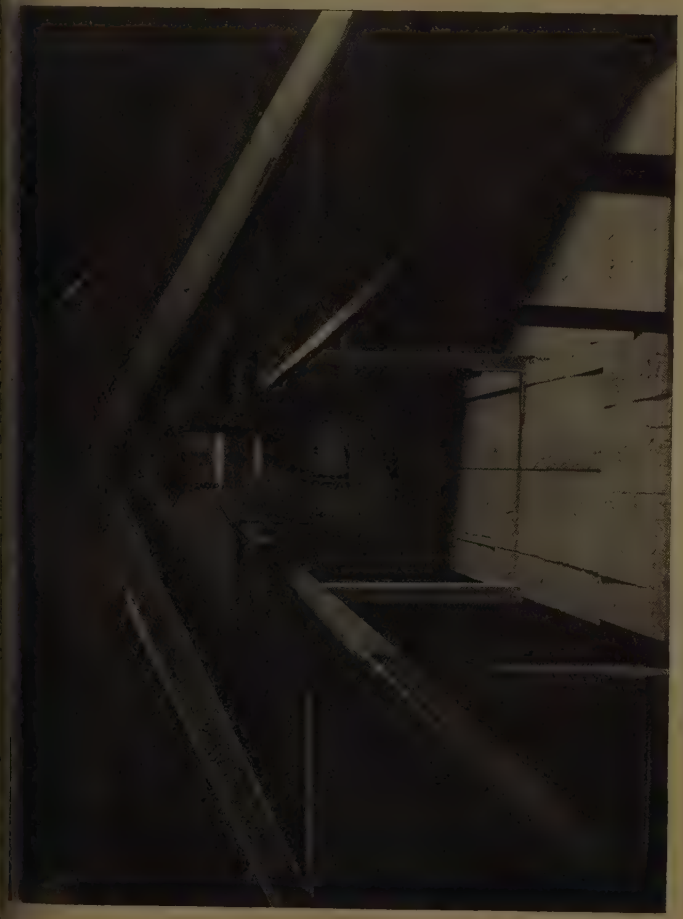
Here the " way up the tower " can only mean either the circula stairway, the parapet walk, the vaulting, or the tower itself Supposing that Jasper committed the deed where I suggest to get the body to the top of the tower he would have to scrambl through a very low doorway or hatch, then ascend with a heav burden two almost vertical ladders and remove two heavy tra doors. Supposing he managed this great task, it would be useles to throw the body over because it would fall, *not into the Clos but upon the roofs of either Nave, Transept, or Choir.*

Therefore, after much careful thought, I advance the theory alread expounded and which fits the dream description exactly, viz., tha the crime was perpetrated by pushing the victim off the crest of th vaulting. On the assumption that Edwin was dead, Jasper covers th body with lime—hence the earlier enquiries of Jasper from Durdles Even to-day a body thus covered would remain unobserved, as th vaulting is covered with a crust of lime and there is practically n light.

The face may have been covered by the much-discussed scarf, thu protecting it from the lime which presumably Jasper probably ha at hand in a sack. But he had to get the watch and chain from th apparently lifeless Drood and to do this he would have to slide dow to the body and return to the top of the vaulting—not an easy task— but yet not impossible for a man of Jasper's physique under desperat circumstances.

My own considered opinion is that the Sapsea tomb was simply th receptacle for the lime and was cleverly introduced by Dickens t

throw the reader off the scent while the emphasis placed upon it strengthens this view. In any case it would have been a far too obvious clue.



Photograph specially taken for "The Dickensian" by W. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

THE DICKENS

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating), and Rates		83 1 6	
,, Printing and Stationery		60 11 5	
,, Salaries	312 0 0		
Less Contributed by "The Dickens House"	130 0 0		
		182 0 0	
,, General Expenses and Postage	116 13 11		
Less Amount charged to *The Dickensian*	82 11 1		
		34 2 10	
			359 15 9
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters' Members		87 6 9	
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Branch Secretaries		11 9 6	
			98 16 3
			24 14 11
,, Meetings			
,, Charitable and Philanthropic Expenditure—			
Donation to Cot Fund		15 15 0	
Sundry Donations, Toys, Christmas Entertainments Account		28 5 1	
Essay Competition Prizes		3 19 8	
			47 19 9
,, The Pickwick Centenary Fund			7 17 4
,, Depreciation—			
Library, Pictures and Furniture			6 17 9
			£546 1 9

BALANCE SHEET

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Sundry Creditors		10 11 6
Life Membership Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1935	252 0 0	
Subscriptions received during the period	57 15 0	
		309 15 0
Badges Account—		
As at 31st December, 1935	3 11 6	
Excess of Receipts over Payments during the period	0 19 1	
		4 10 7
Special Reserve Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1935	737 14 0	
Add Received in respect of publication of the Beadnell Letters	10 13 6	
		748 7 6
Advertising Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1935	123 8 11	
Less Payments during the period	19 8 6	
		104 0 5
Costume Department—		
Excess of Income over Expenditure to date		134 1 8
Dramatic Section—		
Excess of Income over Expenditure to date		4 18 9
Income and Expenditure Account—		
Balance at 31st December, 1935	265 13 11	
Less Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year	43 18 9	
		221 15 2
		£1538 0 7

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the verified the investments.
4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.

FELLOWSHIP

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1936. Cr.

INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Subscriptions—		
Headquarters' Members	334 8 3	
Branches	117 12 11	
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund (*less* Tax)	8 10 11	
		460 12 1
,, Interest on Loan to Dickens House (Gross)	.. ..	10 0 0
,, Receipts for Charity—		
Sundry Donations, &c.	14 8 3	
Interest on 4% Consols (Gross)	4 14 6	
		19 2 9
,, Excess of Receipts over Payments in respect of Special Functions		7 0 5
,, Tyrell Collection—Reproduction and Copyright Fees		5 7 9
,, Balance, being excess of Expenditure over Income carried to Balance Sheet		43 18 9
		£546 1 9

AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1936.

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Life Membership Fund Investment at cost—		
As at 31st December, 1935, £268 19s. 6d. 4% Consols ..	252 0 0	
Purchased during the period, £48 18s. 5d. 4% Consols ..	57 15 0	
(Market Value 31st December, 1936, £359.)		309 15 0
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
As at 31st December, 1935, £118 5s. 10d. 4% Consols		105 0 0
(Market Value 31st December, 1936, £133.)		
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)—		
As at 31st December, 1935	68 17 6	
Less Depreciation at 10%	6 17 9	
		61 19 9
The Tyrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost		75 0 0
Dickens House—		
Loan Account	550 0 0	
Add Interest accrued thereon	10 0 0	
	560 0 0	
Contribution Account	63 10 0	
		623 10 0
The Dickensian—Contribution Account		41 10 10
Costume Department—		
Cash at Bank and in Hand		119 1 8
Dramatic Section—		
Cash in Hand		4 18 9
Cash at Bank	195 4 7	
Cash in Hand	2 0 0	
		197 4 7
		£1538 0 7

Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants,

8*th April*, 1937. *Hon. Auditors.*

WISDOM FROM FIELD LANE

When a man's his own enemy, it's onl because he's careful for everybody bu himself. Pooh! Pooh! There ain such a thing in nature.

* * * *

The gallows is an ugly finger-po which points out a very short and star turning that has stopped many a bol fellow's career on the broad highway.

* * * *

What a fine thing capital punishmer is! Dead men never repent; dead me never bring awkward stories to ligh Ah, and it's a fine thing for the trade Five of 'em strung up in a row; and non left to play booty, or turn white-livered

* * * * *

It's the worst of having to do with women, but they're clever, an we can't get on, in our line, without them.

* * * * *

He wouldn't so much as bark in a witness box for fear of committin himself; no, not if you tied him up in one, and left him there witho wittles for a fortnight.

* * * * *

Speak out and call things by their right names; don't sit there blinking and winking, and talking to me in hints.

* * * * *

To keep my little business all snug, I depend upon you. The firs is your number one, the second my number one. The more you valu your number one, the more careful you must be of mine; so we com at last to what I told you first—that a regard for number one hold us all together, and must do, unless we would all go to pieces i company.

* * * * *

Nobody but an infernal, rich, plundering, thundering, old Je could afford to throw away any drink but water; and not tha unless he done the River Company every quarter.

* * * * *

You're fit for nothing but keeping as a curiosity of ugliness in glass bottle, and I suppose they don't blow glass bottles large enough

* * * * *

She's a honour to her sex. Here's her health, and wishing the wus all like her.

* * * * *

The government, as cares for the lives of such men as you, a haven't half the pluck of curs, lets a man kill a dog how he likes!

* * * * *

There is something about a roused woman . . . which few me like.

THE AGREEMENTS WITH RICHARD BENTLEY

TO the series of agreements with Richard Bentley, one of Dickens's early publishers, which we printed for the first time in *The Dickensian* for 1935, pages 241-254, we are now able to add the missing one, dated 27th February, 1839. In printing a copy of this most interesting document we would like to summarise the whole series of agreements with Bentley which are now preserved at The Dickens House.

We would remark here, that although these do not bear the signature of Dickens, they are the counterparts of the Agreements signed by Richard Bentley, which were retained by Dickens and/or his solicitors.

August 22nd, 1836. An agreement to write a novel, "the title of which is not yet determined," for £500, and to offer Bentley his next novel on the same terms.

November 4th, 1836. An Agreement to edit "The Wit's Miscellany" for a monthly payment of £20, and to supply an original article each month for the sum of Twenty guineas.

March 17th, 1837. An Agreement to edit "Bentley's Miscellany," formerly referred to as "The Wit's Miscellany," making certain alterations in the previous Agreement of November 4th, 1836, to the benefit of Dickens.

September 20th, 1837. An Agreement *re* "Bentley's Miscellany," whereby Dickens's salary was increased to £30 monthly; and certain other modifications made to Dickens's benefit. Also agreeing the price of £700 for a new novel, *Barnaby Rudge*, to be delivered by the end of October, 1838.

November 29th, 1837. An Agreement to edit "The Memoirs of Grimaldi," to be ready by January 20th, 1838, for the sum of Three Hundred Pounds.

February 27th, 1839. An Agreement on the cessation of Dickens's editorship of "Bentley's Miscellany"; and confirming certain arrangements as to *Oliver Twist*.

July 2nd, 1840. The final Agreement with Richard Bentley, whereby the Agreement to write *Barnaby Rudge* was cancelled, and the stock and copyright of *Oliver Twist* taken over by Dickens for the sum of £2,250.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT indented and executed this twenty seventh day of February One thousand Eight hundred and thirty nine BETWEEN CHARLES DICKENS of 48 Doughty Street in the County of Middlesex Esquire of the one part and RICHARD BENTLEY of New Burlington Street in the said County Publisher of the other part.

WHEREAS the said Richard Bentley is the proprietor and publisher of a Monthly publication called or known by the name of "Bentley's Miscellany" whereof the said Charles Dickens formerly was but has since ceased to be the Editor under certain terms Covenants and

Agreements contained in a certain Indenture or Articles of Agreement made and entered into between them the said Charles Dickens and the said Richard Bentley bearing date the twenty second day of September now last past AND WHEREAS the said Charles Dickens is the Author of a certain Work or publication called " Oliver Twist " part whereof was originally brought out in numbers in the said Miscellany and the whole of which said work has been recently printed and published by the said Richard Bentley AND WHEREAS the said parties to these presents are desirous of making void and putting an end to the said Articles of Agreement of the twenty second day of September One thousand eight hundred and thirty eight and of entering into a New Agreement and the several Covenants Clauses and Agreements hereinafter reserved and contained NOW THEREFORE THESE PRESENTS WITNESS that in consideration of the Covenants by each of them the said Charles Dickens and Richard Bentley hereinafter entered into with the other of them it is hereby mutually agreed between the said Charles Dickens and Richard Bentley and each of them so far as the several Covenants Clauses and Agreements hereinafter respectively contained apply to him thereby for himself his heirs executors and Administrators Covenants and Agrees with the other of them his Executors and Administrators in manner following that is to say.

First.—That the said Charles Dickens shall as from the thirty first day of January last past cease and discontinue to be the Editor of the said Miscellany or in any manner concerned or interested in the superintendance or Editorship thereof.

Second.—That if the Sale of any one or more of the monthly numbers of the said Miscellany published during the period in which the said Charles Dickens was the Editor thereof shall Amount to Six thousand copies of such number or respective numbers the said Richard Bentley will pay to the said Charles Dickens the sum of Ten pounds for each such monthly number the Sale of which shall amount to Six thousand copies AND that the said Richard Bentley will also pay to the said Charles Dickens the further sum of Five pounds upon or in respect of every five hundred copies but not for any less or intermediate number of copies which beyond Six thousand copies shall be sold of any one or more of the monthly numbers of the said Miscellany it being expressly understood that the Sales contemplated by this present Article are such Sales as shall be effected by the said Richard Bentley at the usual trade prices and excluding all copies sold for exportation at a less price than One shilling and three pence per number.

Third.—That in order to give effect to the last Article true and proper Accounts shall be kept by the said Richard Bentley of the sales of each of the said Monthly Numbers of the said Miscellany published during the Editorship of the said Charles Dickens to which accounts the said Charles Dickens and his Solicitor or Agent duly authorized in writing shall have access at all reasonable times and be entitled to take at his own expence copies thereof or extracts therefrom and the said Richard Bentley will likewise on the last day of every third month from the thirty first day of December last make out a true statement in writing of all such Sales and will within seven days thereafter cause the same to be delivered to the said Charles Dickens signed by the said Richard Bentley and the sums (if any) which may

become payable to the said Charles Dickens under the last preceding Article shall be paid to him by the said Richard Bentley within seven days from the time any such sum or sums shall be due to the said Charles Dickens.

Fourth.—That subject to the particular stipulations hereinafter contained in relation to the series of Articles which have appeared in the said Miscellany called "Oliver Twist" the sole Copyright of and in all other Articles written by the said Charles Dickens which have appeared or may hereafter appear in the said Miscellany so far as respects the printing publishing and vending the same Articles or any of them in a collected form detached from the said Miscellany (but without prejudice in any manner to the right of the said Richard Bentley to sell and dispose of for his own benefit the unsold Copies of the said Miscellany or to reprint or republish the said Miscellany or any of the numbers thereof) shall from and after the expiration of the said term of three years from their appearance in the Miscellany belong to and become the property of the said Charles Dickens and Richard Bentley as Tenants in Common in equal proportions and they shall be at liberty thenceforth to print publish and dispose of the same Original Articles or a Selection thereof in a collected form and the said Richard Bentley shall have the first option of printing and publishing the said Original Articles in such collected form on the joint account of himself and the said Charles Dickens during all such time as he the said Richard Bentley shall be professed of and interested in one moiety of the said Copyright and shall be allowed and receive all such charges as are justly and usually made by and allowed to the publishers of works according to the custom of the trade of publishers.

Fifth.—That in consideration of the sum of Five hundred pounds which has been paid by the said Richard Bentley to the said Charles Dickens as and for the purchase money for the Copyright of the entire work called "Oliver Twist" qualified nevertheless and subject to the restrictions hereinafter contained the said Charles Dickens shall and will if required but at the expence of the said Richard Bentley assign to him the said Richard Bentley the sole and exclusive copyright of and in the said entire work of "Oliver Twist" for the period of three years computed from the twentieth day of October last past being the day of the delivery of the concluding part of the Manuscript Copy of such work, but it is expressly understood and declared that such assignment shall be subject to a stipulation therein to be contained prohibiting the publication of the said Work called "Oliver Twist" or any of the series of papers of which it shall be composed in "The Standard Novels" or in numbers or in parts or in any other manner or form than that of three Volumes Post Octavo.

Sixth.—That from the expiration of the term of three years computed from the said twentieth day of October mentioned in the last Article the copyright of the said entire work called "Oliver Twist" shall thenceforth belong to and become the property of the said Charles Dickens and Richard Bentley (as Tenants in Common) in equal moieties but without prejudice to the right of the said Richard Bentley at any time thereafter to sell and dispose of for his own benefit the unsold previously printed copies of the said entire work to the extent of One hundred copies thereof and in the event of the said Charles Dickens

declining or neglecting within one Month after the expiration of the said term of three Years to purchase and take a moiety of the remaining unsold previously printed copies of the said entire work together with the Engravings or Etchings published therewith at the cost price thereof in the manner more particularly mentioned in Article eight of these presents the said Richard Bentley shall have the right to sell and dispose of all the previously printed unsold copies and nothing herein contained is to prejudice the right of the said Richard Bentley at any time thereafter to reprint and publish and sell for his own benefit any number or numbers of the Miscellany containing any one of the series of papers called "Oliver Twist" And after the expiration of the said last mentioned term of three years the said Richard Bentley shall have the first option of printing and publishing the said work called "Oliver Twist" on the joint account of himself and the said Charles Dickens during all such time as he the said Richard Bentley shall be professed of and interested in one moiety of the said copyright and shall be allowed and receive all such charges as are justly and usually made by and allowed to the publishers of works according to the custom of the trade of publishers.

Seventh.—That during the period of the printing and publishing of the said entire work called "Oliver Twist" in a collected form by the said Richard Bentley on the joint account of himself and the said Charles Dickens videlicet from the thirtieth day of October One thousand eight hundred and forty one true and proper accounts shall be kept by the said Richard Bentley of all Sales effected of the said entire work and all expences and liabilities incurred in respect thereof to which Accounts the said Charles Dickens and his Solicitor or Agent duly authorized in writing shall have access at all reasonable times and be entitled to take at his own expence copies thereof or extracts therefrom And the said Richard Bentley shall likewise on the last day of every third month from the said thirtieth day of October One thousand eight hundred and forty one make out a true statement in writing of all such sales expences and liabilities and will within one month thereafter cause the same to be delivered to the said Charles Dickens signed by the said Richard Bentley and the sums if any which may become payable to the said Charles Dickens as his proportion of the gains and profits arising from the Sale of the said entire work shall be paid to the said Charles Dickens by the said Richard Bentley within one month from the time any such sum shall be due to the said Charles Dickens.

Eighth.—That at the expiration of the term of three years the said Charles Dickens shall be at liberty if he shall think fit so to do (such intention of the said Charles Dickens to be expressed by him within one month after the expiration of the aforesaid term of three years) to purchase one half of the stock and printed copies of the said work in a collected form and of the Engravings or Etchings published therewith beyond the number of one hundred of such work which last mentioned number the said Richard Bentley shall be entitled to retain and the said Richard Bentley shall sell and deliver to the said Charles Dickens such one half of the said stock printed copies Engravings and Etchings (except as aforesaid) at the cost price thereof and shall not demand or require from the said Charles Dickens any larger or other price for the same than the said stock printed

opies and Engravings shall actually have cost him the said Richard Bentley.

Ninth.—That if the said Richard Bentley shall at any time be esirous of selling or disposing of the licence and exclusive right of rinting and publishing and selling the said work during the said term f three years or the then residue of such term or if he shall at any me be desirous of disposing of his said moiety of the copyright of ie said work or any portion thereof or interest therein then he the id Richard Bentley shall in the first instance offer to transfer or linquish the interest which he shall so desire to sell or dispose of to ie said Charles Dickens and shall not sell dispose of or transfer the id license or proportion of copyright to any other person or persons an the said Charles Dickens unless and until the said Charles Dickens all have declined to purchase the same at a price to be fixed on (in se the parties cannot agree) by two indifferent persons the one to chosen by the said Richard Bentley and the other by the said harles Dickens or if such two persons differ then at a price to be ed by a third person or umpire to be chosen by the two persons st appointed or unless and until the said Charles Dickens shall have fused and neglected to name one of the said two persons for the ace of seven days after he or they shall have been requested in riting so to do by the said Richard Bentley or unless and until the said arles Dickens shall have neglected to pay the said price for fourteen ys after the same shall have been so agreed upon or fixed.

Tenth.—That if the said Charles Dickens shall be desirous of selling disposing of his moiety of the copyright of the said Work or any rt thereof then he shall in the first instance offer to transfer or linquish the interest which he shall so desire to sell or dispose of to e said Richard Bentley and shall not sell dispose of or transfer such iety of Copyright or any part thereof to any person or persons other an the said Richard Bentley unless and until the said Richard ntley shall have declined to purchase the same at a price to be fixed (in case the parties cannot agree) by two indifferent persons or an npire to be chosen in the same manner as hereinbefore provided in se of the said Richard Bentley being desirous of selling or unless d until the said Richard Bentley shall have refused or neglected to me one of the said two persons for the space of Seven days after he ll have been requested so to do by the said Charles Dickens or unless d until the said Richard Bentley shall have neglected to pay the d price for fourteen days after the same shall have been agreed on fixed.

Eleventh.—That the said Richard Bentley shall not print the said rk or any of the parts or numbers thereof in any other form than form hereinbefore stipulated and shall not print publish or sell abridgment of the said Work or any selection therefrom without previous consent in writing of the said Charles Dickens but nothing this clause contained is to restrict the right of the said Richard ntley to the sale or re-Sale of the Miscellany.

Twelfth.—That if the said payments or any of them so to be made aforesaid by the said Richard Bentley to the said Charles Dickens any part thereof shall be unpaid by the space of One Month next r any of the periods of payment at or on which the same are or ght to be paid as aforesaid) being first demanded by a Notice in

writing left at the dwelling house of the said Richard Bentley after the expiration of the said One Month and not paid within seven days after such demand or if the said Richard Bentley shall assign his interest in this Agreement or do any act whereby the same shall be assigned then and from thenceforth the said Charles Dickens shall have power by Notice in writing to put an end to this Agreement and every clause therein contained but nevertheless without prejudice to the rights and interests of the respective parties to their proportion of copyright and future publication of so much of the said Work as shall have been published at the time of such Notice.

Lastly.—IT IS HEREBY declared and agreed by and between the parties to these presents that the said Indentures or Articles of Agreement bearing date the twenty second day of September last past and all and every the Covenants Clauses Matters and things therein contained shall cease determine and be utterly void to all intents and purposes whatsoever AND he the said Charles Dickens for himself his heirs Executors and Administrators doth hereby release discharge and for ever quit claim unto the said Richard Bentley his heirs Executors and Administrators all and all manner of Action and Actions suit or suits debts claims or demands whatsoever which he the said Charles Dickens now hath or can shall or may at any time hereafter have under and by virtue of the said Indenture or Articles of Agreement of the twenty second day of September One thousand eight hundred and thirty eight or for or by reason or in consequence of any Covenant Clause matter or thing therein contained and the said Richard Bentley for himself his heirs Executors and Administrators doth hereby release discharge and for ever quit claim unto the said Charles Dickens his heirs Executors and Administrators all and all manner of Action or Actions suit or suits debts claims or demands whatsoever which he the said Richard Bentley now hath or can shall or may at any time hereafter have under or by virtue of the said Indenture of the twenty second day of September One thousand eight hundred and thirty eight or for or by reason or in consequence of any Covenant Clause Matter or thing therein contained IN WITNESS whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and Seals the day and year first above written.

Signed Sealed and delivered by the within named Richard Bentley in the presence of

John S. Gregory
Bedford Row.

Richard Bentley.

A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF DICKENS VISITS RUGBY

The annual dance of the Rugby Branch on 8th February proved an unprecedented success, due very largely to the visit of Mrs. E. L. Hawksley, a grand-daughter of Dickens. The Mayor and Mayoress were also present. A large number of the dancers were in Dickens costume, as were the members of the band and the waitresses. A bouquet containing scarlet geraniums was handed to Mrs. Hawksley by Miss Marie Hudson, the youngest member of the Branch, and Miss Peggy Lucking presented the bouquet to the Mayoress. A substantial sum will be given to the Tiny Tim Cot Fund as a result.

THE DOUBLE TRAGEDY OF MARY HOGARTH

By J. W. T. LEY

ONE hundred years ago on the seventh of last May, Mary Hogarth died. The tragic passing of that child had an extraordinary influence on Dickens's life and work, and the anniversary must not be allowed to pass without notice. I have used the word "extraordinary" advisedly. Why should the death of his wife's young sister have influenced his work more than any other single event in his life? That it did so can hardly be questioned. The extravagance of his utterances in the first burst of his grief may be understandable. Mary was a peculiarly sweet girl with an altogether exceptional capacity for winning affection. With appalling suddenness she was taken ill and she died in his arms within a few hours. It was his first intimate experience of a sorrow of this kind. Emotional as he was, his immediate expressions of grief cannot be said to strike an unnatural note. But time did not assuage. Years afterwards he wrote as extravagantly as on the day after the funeral. At every crisis in his life, Mary was in his thoughts. Her spirit seems to hover near him 'mid the awesomeness of Niagara, in Italy, and elsewhere long years afterwards. When her brother died with almost equal suddenness his grief was mainly born of the fact that brother was to rest with sister and that his desire to lie in the same grave with Mary could not therefore be realised.

As Mr. Wagenknecht says, Mary became the symbol of everything Dickens honoured in women, and all the beauty that his imagination conjured up attached itself to her. Indeed (to quote the same writer), "Mary was hardly a woman to him at all: she was an ideal, and she remained in that light to the end of his days." Mary is, in fact, to be found in almost every book after *Pickwick*; in every good woman he drew, the ultimate soul was Mary's. Indeed, it is perfectly true to say that she is part of the world's literature.

What is the explanation? How came it that Dickens thus deified a young girl who, in the flesh, had played but a minor part in his life for two or three years only? I find it the most baffling problem of all in any attempt to estimate his character. More than one writer has offered an explanation, which after very little reflection must be rejected. Percy Fitzgerald suggested that Mary was Dickens's real love, and that she sacrificed herself for her sister; that, in fact, the story of Marion and Grace Jeddler is the story of Mary and Catherine Hogarth. Others have been allured by this suggestion. G. K. Chesterton is less explicit, but one may read much the same idea into his remark that Dickens fell in love with all three sisters and "by a kind of accident" married the wrong one. Even Mr. Ralph Straus seems to accept much the same point of view. In a way, he says, Dickens was in love with both Catherine and Mary, "but few who read his letters or study his books will doubt that it was Mary who had stolen his heart. But she was very little more

than a child and, man-like, he wanted to marry. And so, in his romantic way, he made her a youthful goddess, to be worshipped very humbly from below, and chose Catherine for his mate."

I am one of the few. What does this suggestion of Mr. Straus's mean? Why, that a young man of about twenty-two fell in love with a girl of about fourteen, but being in haste to marry, unwilling to wait until she should be of marriageable age, he proposed to her eldest sister and contracted a cold-blooded, utterly loveless marriage with her. Accept his faults, but can it be seriously asserted that he was quite that sort of man?

In plain truth all these suggestions seem to me to be more than absurd; to be revolting. What might have happened if Dickens had not married in haste—which he undoubtedly did—and Mary had grown to be nineteen or twenty, is a futile speculation. The point is that when he did marry she was a mere child, and it is inconceivable that he could have given thought to her as a woman—as the possible mother of his children. That she, only fifteen years old at the time of his marriage, was in love with him and sacrificed herself for her eldest sister is a far-fetched idea for which I can find no support. His every reference to her seems to me to refute it. Always they seem to indicate that she is in his thoughts as a spiritual being. Always she is, in his mind, as truly no more of this earth than Little Nell.

That Mary had an affection for him is a fact, of course. Are we to read anything abnormal into that? Surely it was as natural as anything can be? All who have written of the young Dickens have testified to his great attractiveness; to his handsomeness of feature, to the life and soul in his eyes, to his wonderful buoyancy of spirit. He was, so to speak, the sun of a party. He could dance a hornpipe and sing a comic song; he had great gifts of mimicry. Suddenly this attractive young man bursts into the Hogarth family—suddenly, so to speak, he bounds through the French windows and dances a hornpipe. To that bevy of young girls he must have been a fascinating creature—irresistible. Be it remembered that a century ago girls of this age lived much more secluded lives than they do to-day. This handsome, brilliant, vivacious young fellow must have seemed to those Hogarth girls a veritable Adonis, a delightful creature from another world. And then he begins to court the eldest sister. And then he publishes a brilliant book. He marries that eldest sister, and within a few months is the most popular author the world has ever known. Is there anything remarkable in the fact that his wife's young sister—still little more than fifteen years old, be it remembered—looks upon him as a wondrous being? What girl of that age would not be entranced by the glory and wonder of it all? If Mary Hogarth loved Charles Dickens this was the kind of love she bore him. There was nothing physical in it at all. And he, on his part, simply loved her innocent adoration, and there was nothing physical in his love either. I see in it just an idyll.

But how shall we explain the hold that that child's memory retained

on his heart and mind? Remember that within only a few months of his own death he wrote:

She is so much in my thoughts at all times, especially when I am successful, and have greatly prospered in anything, that the

Mary Hogarth

From a Painting by Hablot K. Browne

recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the beating of my heart is.

This is not the language of a first or early outpouring of grief, but weighed words after the passing of nearly thirty years. What is the explanation? I think we must look to that other side of him which, amid all the fun and laughter and exuberance of spirits, is ever

manifesting itself in his books. *Pickwick* itself had to be interrupted for the introduction of gruesome stories. I do not want to write something which may be misinterpreted, but is it not a fact that in every one of his books up to *Copperfield* at any rate, he seems to gloat over some tale of horror or over a death-bed scene ? And that, strange to say, is the period when his humour was most boisterous and irresistible. He is not the only one of the great humorists in whom this apparently contradictory quality is found. This is not the place to inquire the cause ; we need only accept the fact. And, let it be admitted that in Dickens there was also a strain of self-pity. That had been developed by his affair with Maria Beadnell, and it was undoubtedly the primary cause of the greatest mistake of his life—his marriage in haste. The consequent repentance at leisure further nurtured it. Criticism of the man is not necessarily implied. He was one of the world's greatest creative geniuses, and this was the most marked defect of his quality. By virtue of his genius he was condemned to live very much alone (I do not mean physically, of course ; his continual craving for company was a manifestation of this defect). There could be no middle course for him. He was either elated or depressed ; always restless, never relaxed. If out of action, mental or physical, he was restless and miserable. If he was not strung right up to concert pitch he sagged hopelessly and was tuneless.

This death of Mary Hogarth was the first happening of the kind that had touched him directly. At any time, with its appalling suddenness, it would have shaken him, but it came at what may be called the moment of his greatest elation. *Pickwick* had been running a year. In the previous six months he had become the most popular author in history, the most sought after man in England. From the obscurity of newspaper reporting he had found himself the centre of the best intellectual circles in the land. His marriage was but a year old, and his first born was crowing in its cradle. He was at the brilliant dawn of a glorious career. And then, suddenly, with no warning at all, the hand of death struck. That the shock of such a blow at such a time must have been severe is easy to understand ; that it had such lasting effects is another matter, only to be explained by that vein of morbidity which in his life and in his work was always his greatest weakness.

I have quoted Mr. Wagenknecht as saying that Mary henceforth became the symbol of everything Dickens honoured in women. I think we may go further, and suggest that her death suddenly awakened him to a consciousness of the fundamental beauty of womanhood. Such glimmerings as he had ever had of that before had been dimmed by his experience with Maria Beadnell—the more one reflects the more one is convinced that that young flirt had ever so much to answer for. That experience had opened up the vein of self pity, and though he had since married I think it is true to say that he had done so because he was in love with love rather than because he was in love with Catherine. I believe that Mary's death awakened him with acute suddenness to the mistake he had made. And that does not

mean that I think it awoke in him any notion that he had married the wrong sister. It means, I think, that the death of this pure young creature shook him to a realisation that marriage is something more than a legal and physical union.

Therefore I date from that time, and attribute to it in large measure, the disaster that came upon him and Kate—the gradual but sure alienation. Is not this confirmed by his conduct at the time? Forthwith it is as clear as anything can be that there is no true sympathy between him and his young wife. There is the rush of self-pity; it is he, not she, who has lost her beloved sister, that needs consoling. The shock brings about a miscarriage, but, with full allowance for the one or two references to his wife's brave resignation, can there be any doubt that it is he himself who has his real pity? I am not imputing to him a conscious selfishness; a great creative genius is not to be judged by normal standards: but surely his acute unhealthily morbid reaction to this sorrow cannot have been without its effect on an unimaginative woman such as his wife undoubtedly was. Mrs. Dickens had lost a very dear sister—"The love and affection which subsisted between her and her sister no one can imagine the extent of"—but for himself "words cannot describe the pride I felt in her, and the devoted attachment I bore her."* Only after the first burst of grief had passed could he speak of her "calmly and dispassionately" and this is how he did it—"I solemnly aver that so perfect a creature never breathed. I knew her inmost heart and her real worth and value. She had not a fault."† And (to Ainsworth) "I have been so much unnerved and hurt by the loss of the dear girl whom I loved, after my wife, more deeply and fervently than anyone on earth, that I have been compelled for once to give up all idea of my monthly work and try a fortnight's rest and quiet."

How are we to think the young mother, stricken to danger of life by this same sorrow, would react to this sort of talk? "Brave girl" that she is, she becomes reconciled, but not he: he continues to write in the same morbid way. Six months after Mary's death he wrote to her mother:

> I have never had her ring off my finger by day or night, except for an instant at a time to wash my hands, since she died. I have never had her sweetness and excellence absent from my mind so long. I can solemnly say that, waking or sleeping, I have never lost the recollection of our hard trial and sorrow, and I feel that I never shall . . . . . increase of fame and prosperity has only widened the gap in my affections, by causing me to think how she would have shared and enhanced all our joys, and how proud I should have been (as God knows I always was) to possess the affection of the gentlest and purest creature that ever shed a light on earth.

Precious little calmness or dispassion about that. How would a young wife and mother react to this talk about her dead sister being ever out of her husband's mind by night or day for month after month;

* Letter to Richard Johns. 2 July, 1837.
† *Ibid.*

to this dead sister having been " the gentlest and purest creature that ever shed a light on earth " ; to his insistence that he had loved her as he had never loved another being ? Another two months have passed, and he is writing to Forster, in reference to a comment of Leigh Hunt's on the inscription on Mary's tomb :

> That beautiful passage you were so kind and considerate as to send me gave me the only feeling akin to pleasure (sorrowful pleasure it is) that I have yet had, connected with the loss of my dear young friend and companion ; for whom my love and attachment will never diminish, and by whose side, if it please God to leave me in possession of sense to signify my wishes, my bones, whenever or wherever I die, will one day be laid.

I may as well say frankly that these expressions have always left me cold. They have, in fact, jarred (note the Micawberish phrase in that last quotation). Can we doubt that this sort of thing, unceasing, must have got on Mrs. Dickens's nerves ? " Where do I come in ? " she might well have cried. Where does she come in throughout the story ?

Five years pass, and Mary's—and Catherine's—brother dies with the same appalling suddenness. Then Dickens writes :

> It is a great trial to me to give up Mary's grave ; greater than I can possibly express. I thought of moving her to the catacombs, and saying nothing about it. . . . . The desire to be buried next to her is as strong upon me now as it was five years ago ; and I know (for I don't think there ever was love like that I bore her) that it will never diminish. I fear I can do nothing. Do you think I can ? They would move her on Wednesday if I resolved to have it done. I cannot bear the thought of being excluded from her dust ; and yet I feel that her brothers and sisters, and her mother, have a better right than I to be placed beside her.

Yes, his wife might have put in a prior claim—assuming that it never occurred to her that she might wish her own dust to mingle with her husband's ! On the following day he writes : " No, there is no ground on either side to be had. I must give it up. I shall drive over there, please God, on Thursday morning, before they get there, and look at her coffin." Could there be greater morbidity than this ? It is impossible to imagine that his wife was not aware of this obsession of his, and being aware of it how could she but be conscious that there was no affinity between him and her ? Her life had been endangered by the shock of Mary's death ; she had borne two children since ; she was bearing another now ; and instead of consoling and fondling her as surely he should have been at this time of further sorrow, her husband is himself crying aloud for pity, actually bemoaning the fact that she has a prior claim over him to lie in the same grave with her sister ! No doubt he did not express these unwholesome feelings so frankly to her as he did to others, but she cannot have been unaware of their existence, and the knowledge of them cannot have had any but alienating effects.

We may suppose that Kate never saw the diary he kept for a brief

(Continued at foot of next page)

THE FORTHCOMING NONESUCH DICKENS

By RALPH STRAUS

IT is unusual to hold in review the prospectus of a new book or edition: a brief paragraph or two may be given to the announcement, but that, in the great majority of cases, will be all. When, however, a prospectus is issued which is in itself at once a piece of literary work, a document of real bibliographical importance, and a *book* which collectors will prize none the less because it has cost them nothing to obtain, unusual treatment is called for. Such is the case with "Nonesuch Dickensiana" which heralds the coming of a new edition of Dickens: that "perfect" edition, I will hazard a guess, for which so many of us have long been waiting.

What, then, is to be found in this unique production?

There is, first of all, a most interesting account of "Charles Dickens and his Illustrators," by Mr. Arthur Waugh. No more fitting essayist could have been found. The subject is one which has been treated before, but rarely in such detail or with such literary grace. Its choice, here, moreover, is peculiarly apt, for, as we learn later, not only is the new edition to be provided with all the original illustrations printed *from the original plates*, but the actual steel plates and wood-engravings —877 in number—are to be presented to those who subscribe for the 777 sets of which the new edition is to consist.

You might suppose that with all the new processes at the modern

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(*Continued from page* 210)

me, and therefore did not know that on 1st January, 1838, he wrote herein:

> A sad New Year's Day in one respect, for at the opening of last year poor Mary was with us. . . . . But if she was with us now, the same winning, happy companion, sympathising with all my thoughts and feelings more than anyone I knew ever did or will, I think I should have nothing to wish for but a continuance of such happiness.

"More than any I knew ever did or will." If a husband feels that deeply shall his wife remain unconscious of it? Kate accompanies him to America, and throughout the trip he dreams of her dead sister every night. She is with him at Niagara when Mary's spirit hovers near him. Earlier he had gone to Yorkshire and from there had written her detailing a dream he had had about Mary. Only once, as far as I can discover, does he qualify this extravagance. That is in the letter to Beard quoted above when he says he loved Mary "after my life" more than he had ever loved any being. In every other reference he declares without any sort of qualification that he loved her more than any other being on earth. It must be obvious that if this was his real feeling he could not have been conscious of much affinity with the mother of his little children, and that she could not have remained unaware of this. And so I date from the death of Mary Hogarth the beginning of that alienation which steadily developed until the ultimate disaster came in 1858.

printer's disposal the use of these plates in any new edition would not be essential, but it is a fact that they give results which, so far, no mechanical process has been able to equal. Inevitably, to quote Mr. Waugh, some of "the delicate quality of line and finish preserved in the artists' handiwork alone" is lost with the new processes. And so the original plates, for so long a time in the safe custody of Dickens's original publishers, and since his death used only once or twice for very special editions, have been purchased by the Nonesuch Press, to be used, in association, for the last time.

Exactly what these illustrations are may be seen from an examination of the next contribution to this astonishing prospectus. This is Mr. Thomas Hatton's list of all those which were made under Dickens's own supervision (and how close that could be has been abundantly proved): an original compilation which, with its brief notes, lends additional interest to Mr. Waugh's charming essay.

There follows a "retrospectus" of the more important editions of Dickens, each with its facsimiles and specimen pages. And how well one remembers the edition in which one first made Dickens's acquaintance! In my own case it was the "Charles Dickens" Edition (1868-70)—not, to my ageing eyes, too "readable," and not, of course, to be compared to the "Gadshill Edition" of 1897 or the admirably printed "National Edition" of ten years later, but an old friend whom it is jolly to see again, even if only in a specimen page. (That line running round the page of print: who will ever forget it?)

And then we come to the prospectus proper. You do not need to be reminded of the triumphs that the Nonesuch Press with Mr. Francis Meynell in command has already achieved. As designer and planner Mr. Meynell occupies a position to-day in the typographical world that is shared by none, and we may take it for granted that in printing (a new type is being cut), paper (imported specially from America), binding (buckram), and general appearance, the twenty-three volumes will be all that any Dickensian could possibly demand. But what of the text?

Here once again Mr. Meynell has shown his wisdom, and in obtaining the editorial services of Mr. Arthur Waugh, Mr. Thomas Hatton, and Mr. Walter Dexter he at once stifles all criticism on that score. Everything that has been shown to be indubitably Dickens's work will be included, and this, I am glad to say, means that now at long last we shall have a fairly complete collection of Dickens's letters—several hundreds of which will not have been published before—and neither dreadfully "cut" nor "edited" almost out of recognition, but as Dickens wrote them. For years Mr. Dexter has been working upon the letters, and, given the assistance which collectors ought to be very ready to accord him, he will be in a position to produce a very remarkable volume.

There remains the price. It is high. Subscribers are asked to pay forty-eight guineas outright, or eight monthly remittances of six guineas. After publication the price will be advanced to fifty-two guineas. But to what figure, I wonder, will it have advanced five or ten or fifty years hence? One or two of the duplicate plates were sold

(*Continued at foot of next page*)

THE TENANCY AGREEMENT FOR 48 DOUGHTY STREET

AMONG the many treasures at The Dickens House there are a number which cannot be fully appreciated by the casual visitor, since they need time for their due perusal.

Such an item is the Agreement made exactly a century ago by which Edward Wilson Banks let No. 48 Doughty Street " with all and every the outhouses buildings yard and gardens rights members privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging and appertaining " to Charles Dickens for a term of three years dating from Lady Day, 1837 " at and under the yearly rent or sum of Eighty pounds of lawful British money " payable quarterly.

As Dickens moved into No. 1 Devonshire Terrace at the close of 1839, he did not retain possession for the complete three years. The Agreement is dated 3rd April, 1837, and it is most probable that Dickens took possession of the house on that day, or the day after, although Forster states that Dickens, his wife, baby son, and brother Fred, left Furnivals Inn for Doughty Street at the end of March, 1837. In support of this he quotes from a letter, the first to be received by him from the new address, and says it " was dated at the close of the month." Here Dickens refers to having been much engaged in the " pleasant occupation of moving," and to the dinner in celebration of Pickwick which was to come off on the morrow. The letter, printed in full on page 188, is not dated, but its obvious date is 7th April.

There was no urgency to leave Furnivals Inn on the March quarter day; the agreement there, printed in *The Dickensian*, 1935, page 255, shows that Dickens had possession of the chambers until the end of the year; and indeed we know that he did not vacate the three rooms until the 25th December, 1838.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT made and entered into this third day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty seven BETWEEN Edward Wilson Banks of Witham in the County of Essex Gentleman of the one part and Charles Dickens of No. 15 Furnivals Inn in the City of London Esquire of the other part The said Edward Wilson Banks Doth hereby agree to let unto the said Charles Dickens All that Messuage or Dwelling house situate standing and being in Doughty Street in the Parish of Saint Pancras in the County of Middlesex and now marked or numbered 48 late in the occupation of John Welsh with all and every the outhouses buildings yards gardens rights members privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or appertaining To hold the same unto the said Charles Dickens his executors and administrators from the twenty

(*Continued from page* 212)

some years ago : already they are at a premium. In no other edition so all the new letters appear. Perhaps the price is not really high at all. But I am not " reviewing " the Nonesuch Dickens ; I am " reviewing " its prospectus, and this must be the cheapest book with any claims to magnificence which has ever been put forth by a publisher.

fifth day of March last for the term of Three years thence next ensuing At and under the yearly rent or sum of Eighty pounds of lawful British money payable quarterly on the twenty fourth day of June, the twenty ninth day of September, the twenty fifth day of December and the twenty fifth day of March in every year Free from all taxes rates assessments and other outgoings now charged upon or which hereafter shall be charged upon the said premises or any part thereof or upon the Landlord in respect thereof the first quarterly payment to be made upon the twenty fourth day of June next And the said Charles Dickens for himself his executors or administrators doth hereby promise and agree to and with the said Edward Wilson Banks his executors and administrators that he the said Charles Dickens his executors or administrators shall and will accept and take the said messuage and hereditaments and hold and occupy the same for the term aforesaid And shall and will during the said term pay or cause to be paid unto the said Edward Wilson Banks his executors or administrators the said yearly rent of Eighty pounds by equal quarterly payments upon the days and in the manner aforesaid clear of all deductions whatsoever And shall and will during the said term pay and discharge all Parliamentary parochial and other taxes rates assessments and other outgoings payable from time to time in respect of the said hereditaments or any part thereof And shall and will during the said term repair uphold and keep the said Messuage buildings and premises and every part thereof with the appurtenances in good and tenantable order and condition and to leave the same together with all the Fixtures and other things specified in the Schedule hereunto annexed at the end or expiration thereof (reasonable use and wear thereof and damage by fire excepted) And shall not nor will assign underlet or part with the possession of the said messuage and hereditaments or any part thereof to any person or persons for all or any part of the term hereby granted without the consent in writing of the said Edward Wilson Banks his executors or administrators first obtained Provided always and it is hereby declared and agreed That in case of the Bankruptcy or Insolvency of the said Charles Dickens his executors or administrators at any time during the said term Or if the said yearly rent shall be in arrears Twenty one days after either of the days hereby appointed for payment thereof (the same being lawfully demanded) Or if the said Charles Dickens his executors or administrators shall fail in the performance of any or either of the clauses and agreements herein contained on his or their parts Then and in either of the said cases this Agreement shall cease and be void to all intents and purposes And the said Edward Wilson Banks for himself his executors and administrators Doth hereby promise and agree to and with the said Charles Dickens his executors and administrators That he the said Charles Dickens his executors and administrators paying the said Rent at the times and in manner aforesaid and observing and performing the several clauses and agreements herein contained on his and their part shall and may peaceably hold and enjoy the said messuage and hereditaments during the said term of three years free from disturbance by the said Edward Wilson Banks his executors or administrators or any other person or persons lawfully claiming under him or them. Witness the hands of the said parties the day and year first above written

Witness DAN. TILL. EDW. W. BANKS.

THE SCHEDULE ABOVE REFERRED TO

'RONT GARRETT Sash Window lock and key to door— Back
Garrett and Stair Case — sash window iron guards to ditto lock and
:ey to door closet on landing of Stairs with four shelves and row of six
loak pins four pannel door and closet lock and closet on first landing
f stairs with four shelves two pannel door and Closet lock Front
Room and Dressing Room on the two pair three sash windows with
hutters and settle bedhooks marble mantle jambs and slabs and
igate hearth and room papered six pannel doors to room door — Back
Room — sash windows with shutters and settle bedhooks two closets
wo shelves two rows of cloak pins two cupboard locks to doors mortice
ock to room door marble mantle jambs and slab and rigate hearth
oom papered On the first landing of Stairs sash window mahogany
and rail and square bar banisters and iron trowel from the parlour
tory to the two pair landing patent sash fastener and shutters to
ircular window and iron bar fastening to window on first landing
.ead Flatt over Dressing room and water closet with cistern and
over to ditto To the one pair front Room three sash windows with
atent spring fastenings and shutters to windows and iron bar fastenings
iortice locks and key to doors a statuary marble chimney piece and
gate hearth rooms dadoed and papered above and an enriched plaister
ornice round Back room one pair one sash window with patent spring
stenings shutters with iron bar fastenings mortice lock to door room
adoed and papered and plaistered cornice mantle jambs and slab
nd rigate hearth Front Parlour two sash windows and patent spring
stening and shutters brass nobs iron bars fastenings to windows
oom dado and stucco above and enriched cornice one mortice and
ne eight inch closet lock to doors and three shelves to closet statuary
imney piece and rigate hearth Back Parlour one sash window with
atent sash fastner and shutter brass nobs and iron bar fastenings
upboard under window enclosed with folding doors lock and bolt
ne shelf and Mahogany top mortice lock to door room dado and
apered enriched cornice round marble mantle jaumbs and slab with
gate hearth and wood dressing round Front Door with draw back
ck to barrelled bolts and door chain and masked knocker glass door
ith six panes top of kitchen stairs and brass latch Water closet
ith seat riser and clempt flap patent apparatus soil pipe and service
tto compleat two mahogany shelves in corner glass door with four
nes brass latch and iron bolt outside yard door six panes glass outside
utter with screws lock and two bolts To the Dressing Room sash
indow with patent fastenings shutters and iron bar fastenings sash
or portland mantle jaumbs and slab and rigate hearth and wood
essing flatt over back cellar covered over with york paving iron
iling to back area and iron grating over wash house window front
ea two coal vaults with ledged doors one lock and key and one thumb
tch an enclosure under landing with door and thumb latch and two
lts and six panes of glass over large wood cistern lined with lead
pes and brass cocks compleat and stone sink and patent trap and
pe to ditto Front kitchen two sash windows shutters and iron bar
stenings dresser with pot board and four drawers and brass handles
d plate shelves over safe fixed with shelves two doors with locks one
umb latch and two bolts part wood and part stone floor portland
imney piece with wood shelf and two brackets Back Kitchen sash
ndow with shutters and iron bar fastenings two shelves portland

chimney piece floor part wood and part stone board fixed in window door with seven inch lock and enclosure under the kitchen stairs with door lock etc. outside door with lock two bolts and thumb latch and two panes glass seat riser and queens ware bason to water closet with lead pipes enclosure with door latch and one bolt and glass over ditto To the Wash house one sash window one shelf wood cistern lined with lead and lead pipes and brass cocks three patent traps door with lock and key to wine cellar safe as fixed in area iron railing.

NOTES ON THE ABOVE SCHEDULE

Those of us who know the house well find special interest in comparing the schedule of fittings with those still to be found in the various rooms. Here, with the exception of the "Front Kitchen," there has been surprisingly little alteration during the hundred years. In most of the rooms every fitting mentioned can be readily identified.

The comparison is rendered difficult by the absence of stops which causes one to pause to decide whether "over" is an adverb at the end of one clause or a preposition at the beginning of the next. The spelling is also a slight worry. "Flatt," "pannel," "jaumbs," "compleat," and "fastner" present little difficulty; but what is a "rigate" hearth? Should it have been spelt Reigate or Ryegate or Wrygate? What was the "iron trowel from the parlour story to the two pair landing," presumably accompanying the staircase hand rail?

I do not think that there can be any doubt that the "circular" window is the semi-circular window over the doors leading out on to the flat over the "Dressing Room."

This Dressing Room can be identified as the present office of the Assistant Secretary; but there is some doubt as to whether it was then of its present dimensions. It was not attached to any bedroom, and appears to have been little more than a cloakroom with a door leading out to the garden.

The alteration to the Front Kitchen was carried out by the Dickens Fellowship in 1924. The dresser mentioned as having four drawers was removed to the Back Kitchen and cut down to three drawers. Apparently the large cupboard, which we also removed, was not there in Dickens's day. Neither was the large copper. The meat safe, now at the back, appears from the schedule to have been in the front.

One other query will interest many Dickensians. Among the fittings of the front door is a "masked knocker." Did this mean a knocker with the representation of a man's face? If so, this may have suggested the transformation of Scrooge's knocker. S. J. R.

"THANK YOU, MR. DICKENS!"

"EVERY year on Dickens's birthday a bent and elderly little woman who is apparently a great reader of Dickens, walks up to Dickens's figure in the literary corner [of Madame Tussaud's] and cries in a loud tone of voice, 'Thank you, Mr. Dickens!' and then goes away for another year."—Clair Price in "The New York Times Magazine," 21st March.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

THE GENTLEMAN IN DICKENS

"As a child I read and re-read Scott, and Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge* did not seem to me then to have the same fine workmanship, although I revelled in Sir John Chester, and remembering him and Eugene Wrayburn and, above all, Mr. Jarndyce and old Boythorn, I marvel that they can say that Dickens could not draw a gentleman. What is Pickwick but a gentleman?

"Give me faults, so that they be characteristic; do we not love the little personal foibles and whimsies of our friends? Would we Dickens-lovers wish his touches of sentiment, his boisterous exaggerations, his repetitions and little mannerisms done away with? Not we! They are Dickens the man, completing his nature for us . . . that rich nature that never fails us, overflowing with the milk of human kindness."—"Anonymous, 1871—1935." (Murray.)

* * * * *

THE GEORGIANS AND DICKENS

"Shaw has told the world that his ideas were derived from Wagner, Ibsen, Samuel Butler, and Nietzsche, and that his characters were stolen from Dickens. There is not a word of truth in all this. The vast of his mind, the mingling of kindness with an impatience of fools, his mingling of sense and nonsense, is altogether natural and peculiar. . . It is true that Dickens—and also Bunyan—showed him how haracters, to entertain, must have objective consistency, how they nust be broadly outlined and self-explanatory . . . and how if seen vith exultant and exaggerative humour such characters are manipulable t will by the expert dramatist.

"All were written, not merely as relaxations, but because one side f Wells's genius, the happiest side, has kinship with the comic genius f Dickens, his favourite author . . . Moreover any visitor to Wells's brary will notice one row of books which bears all the signs of constant eading: it is the row of Dickens's novels. There can be no doubt t all that when he began to plan 'Tono-Bungay' Wells thought *David Copperfield* was a very great novel indeed.

". . . contrary to E. M. Forster's view that Dickens's characters ere unreal because they were embodied repetitions, the majority f English people express themselves by means of stereotyped phrases. They are not ready with eloquence.

"Priestley . . . was in pursuit of something else [in 'The Good ompanions']—something which I regard as important—the creation f a large-scale roving tale such as we have not seen (apart from *The Pickwick Papers*) since the eighteenth century."—"The Georgian Literary Scene," by Frank Swinnerton. (Heinemann.)

* * * * *

STEPHEN MacKENNA

". . . to-day, the newest of days, I read in a paper how Dickens ent to see Wordsworth and being asked how he liked him said 'Like im? I didn't; DREADFUL OLD ASS' I leaped up at once saying: O yes, Plotinus, I must get on with that' It's true I'd say the same ? Dickens; never have I understood how anyone can read Dickens;

I think they don't (how could they ?); what they do is read Dickens Calendars, the way good people know Shakespeare."—" Journals and Letters of Stephen MacKenna," ed. by E. R. Dodds. (Constable.)

* * * * *

NEW YORK, 1842

" Another who disembarked in mid-century was Charles Dickens. He saw much to surprise him. Broadway's length, for instance; why, from the Battery to where it petered out into a country lane, it was four miles long, and a wide and bustling street to boot (perhaps not too bustling, for he was moved to exclaim ' how quiet the streets are ! ') and at night it reminded him of Oxford Street and Piccadilly being, like them, ' dotted with bright jets of gas.' He cast an eye on everything, condemned the yellow press and the spoils system, praised the buildings and the trams (' two stout horses trot along, drawing a score or two of people and a great wooden ark, with ease '), noted the frequency of fraudulent fires and the presence in the streets of the pigs which had been official scavengers since Dutch times, visited the Tombs Prison, which he did not like, and the surrounding country, which he did, and came away with the impression that ' the ladies are singularly beautiful.' "—" Londoner's New York," by E. S. Fay. (Methuen.)

* * * * *

FREMONT OLDER

" In the meantime he was reading with insatiable greed of a man deprived of a longed-for education. He had discovered the novelist Charles Dickens. He would read Dickens to his last hour with never-diminishing enjoyment. He knew every character. He could finish every line. He met and recognised with chuckling amusement Dickens' characters in his everyday life.

" Older followed the paths of his beloved Dickens through England. But on the other side of the channel he was lost.

" Older's love for Dickens increased.

" He seemed to feel that Dickens was almost the beginning and the end of all novel writing. Cora Older said of him : ' I don't think he thought that any writer since has done much more than imitate Dickens. He probably read some books of Dickens a hundred times. His set of Dickens he literally wore into tatters during the last twenty years. He used to read himself to sleep every night with Dickens, and often woke me up in the middle of the night when he had insomnia to read me some passage of Dickens that, although he had read many times, charmed him as if he were reading it for the first time.'

" He continued to read with passion and devoured Dickens as he had for sixty years. *David Copperfield* was his favorite, and the character of Steerforth he considered the greatest in literature.

" Mrs. Older was curious to see how many characters he could name from the various books of his idol. She sat beside him one evening and checked them off as he named them.

" He gave me forty from *Pickwick*," she said, ' Forty-seven from *David Copperfield*. Thirty-five from *Our Mutual Friend*. Twenty-two from *Bleak House*. Thirty-one from *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Thirty-one from *Dombey and Son* . . . I think he knew more about Dickens than anyone living. He read every book about him that was ever written." —" Fremont Older," by Evelyn Wells. (Appleton-Century Co.)

THE LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE

" The syllabus was occasionally enlivened by including entertainments of various kinds, and in 1842 and the two following years soirées were arranged for the Christmas vacations. At the third of these soirées Charles Dickens had promised to take the chair, and the entertainment was postponed until 28th February to enable him to do so.

" The Directors of the Mechanics' Institution had for some time entertained the idea of founding for girls a school of the same type as their boys' schools when in 1843 an effort was made to give to the idea a definite shape . . . Charles Dickens [in February, 1844] at the soirée of the Institution reiterated this idea in the words : ' I cannot say to you with what pleasure I heard of the formation of a girls' school in connection with this Institution. That those who are our best teachers, and whose lessons are oftenest heeded in life should be well taught themselves is a proposition few reasonable men will gainsay.' "—" A History of the Liverpool Institute Schools, 1825 to 1935," by H. J. Tiffen. (Liverpool Institute Old Boys' Association.)

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THE INFLUENCE ON RUSSIA

" I have found the influence of Dickens transforming the attitude of Russians towards children, though Russians are rather given to abstractions.

" Around the ' centres of industry,' especially in the North, the millowners, coalowners, and shipbuilders erected many mansions as comfortable as any they could expect in heaven, and from this isolation as gentlemen they directed the seething antheaps of workers who used them to leap and bound with prosperity . . . Dickens, ' Punch,' and other satirists have so pictured them that when we speak of the Victorians we generally think first of them."—" Running Accompaniments," by H. W. Nevinson. (Routledge.)

* * * * *

GEORGE MOORE

" Shelley seemed forgotten in this environment. But there was a small bookcase at No. 39, and George and Maurice took a course of Dickens together. ' My brother,' says Colonel Moore, ' often read aloud to me, choosing mostly the amusing parts.'

" . . . the following is a note I made of a conversation that took place upon the occasion of my first visit to Ebury Street :

" Moore : I understand from Tonks that you are an admirer of Dickens. Have you read any of my books ?

" Ward [Nelson Ward] : Yes, I read ' Esther Waters,' many years ago.

" Moore : Don't you think that is better than anything Dickens ever wrote ?

" Ward : Candidly, I don't.

" It was useless to mention the names of Dickens and Thackeray. One had his own way of disposing of these claimants. ' Thackeray, the name of a butler. Thackeray, I shall want the carriage at four o'clock.' Dickens was ' a man called Dickens—well, if you *like* him.' " Moore could see very little in Tolstoy, scarcely anything in Dickens or Trollope."—" The Life of George Moore," by J. Hone. (Gollancz.)

WASHINGTON IRVING AND THE CHRISTMAS STORY

" There are two phases of Irving's literary career which his biographer neglected to mention: his connection with the Christmas story and his influence on Charles Dickens. Nearly every person associates the Christmas story with Dickens because he immortalized the form and the spirit. I believe that Irving is entitled to the credit of originating the idea; for more than twenty years before *A Christmas Carol* appeared ' The Sketch Book ' offered four essays which are of a piece in spirit with Dickens' classic. They were not written for the Christmas season, but they radiate the same cheer and the same Englishness that infuse the story of Tiny Tim.

" That Dickens was indebted to Irving for more than the inspiration for a Christmas story is amply attested by the letters that passed between the young Englishman and the ageing American. I have lately had the privilege of reading a long article on this subject by a Dickens scholar. In this paper, Dr. T. E. M. Boll has proved beyond a doubt that Dickens was very greatly influenced by ' A History of New York,' ' The Sketch Book,' and " Bracebridge Hall '; and that many of the characters which Dickens created had their origin in the ludicrous figures which gave these three books of Irving much of their claim to fame. Dickens read and re-read Irving; he literally wore out a copy of ' A History of New York,' and the other books were equally well known to him."—Review of S. T. Williams's " The Life of Washington Irving," by E. H. O'Neill. (North American Review, Vol. 241.)

DICKENS THE HISTORIAN

THERE has been published recently a new life of Lord George Gordon, of which Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, writing in " John O'London's Weekly," says, in the course of a long review, that the author ridicules the idea of Gordon's insanity " yet provides all the material required to corroborate Dickens's estimate " that he was " a poor, crazy creature." The author's description of the Riots is described as " far inferior to that of Dickens. This was to be expected so far as the writing was concerned. But the blurb on the jacket of the book talks about ' new light ' and ' extracting the truth from all available sources ' as if fresh material had been used. There is, however, more in *Barnaby Rudge* about the origin of the riots than there is in this book."

A CANADIAN AUTHOR'S TRIBUTE AT VANCOUVER

" To the memory of a righter of wrongs, a hater of lies; the children's friend, a terror to evildoers, a praise to them that do well; the greatest writer of fiction, the writer's pattern, delight and despair; revealer and interpreter and prophet; fellow Dickensians, I give you the toast to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens."

Mrs. Nellie R. McClung, Canadian author, thus concluded the toast at the Birthday Dinner of the Vancouver Branch, at Hotel Georgia on 8th February. The top table was decorated with ivy from the parent plant in the garden at Gads Hill.

SOME HOUSES IN "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"

Ir. Ralph Nickleby . . . . . lived in a spacious house in Golden Square, hich, in addition to a brass plate upon the street door, had another rass plate two sizes and a half smaller upon the left hand door-post, urmounting a brass model of an infant's fist grasping a fragment f a skewer, and displaying the word "office."

* * * * *

. . . about half-way down that crowded thoroughfare (the Strand). miniature painter lived there, for there was a large gilt frame screwed pon the street door, in which were displayed, upon black velvet round, two portraits of naval dress coats with faces looking out of iem, and telescopes attached; one of a young gentleman in a very ermillion uniform, flourishing a sabre; and one of a literary character ith an high forehead, a pen and ink, six books and a curtain.

* * * * *

The fact is, it ain't a Hall. . . . . We call it a Hall up in London ecause it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in iese parts. A man may call his house an island if he likes; there's) Act of Parliament against that, I believe. . . . . It . . . was a long, old-looking house, one storey high, with a few straggling outbuildings ehind, and a barn and stable adjoining.

* * * * *

Near Cavendish Square . . . . . the dressmaker's door displayed a ry large plate with Madame Mantalini's name and occupation and pproached by a handsome flight of steps. There was a shop to the ouse, but it was let off to an importer of otto of roses.

* * * * *

They know where I live, at the sign of the Crown in Silver Street, olden Square. It is at the corner of Silver Street and James Street, ith a bar door both ways.

* * * * *

Within the precincts of the ancient city of Westminster . . . . . is narrow and dirty region . . . . . comprised in one street of gloomy dging-houses from whose windows in vacation time, there frown ng melancholy rows of bills which say, as plainly as did the coun-nances of their occupiers, ranged on ministerial and opposition benches the session which slumbers with its fathers, "To Let," "To LET."

* * * * *

Mr. Crummles lived in Saint Thomas's Street, at the house of one alph, a pilot, who sported a boat-green door, with little window-umes of the same colour, and had a little finger of a drowned man his parlour mantelshelf, with other maritime curiosities. He dis-ayed also a brass knocker, a brass plate, and a brass bell-handle, very bright and shining; and had a mast, with a vane on the p of it, in his backyard.

* * * * *

The lodgings of Miss Snevellicci were in a place called Lombard reet, at the house of a tailor. A strong smell of ironing pervaded e little passage; and the tailor's daughter who opened the door, peared in that flutter of spirits which is so often attendant upon e periodical getting up of a family's linen.

THE PROGRESS OF A RADICAL*

SUCH is the sub-title of yet another book on the instinct for Reform which coloured much of Dickens's life. Although the publishers in their advertisement of the book say that "Jackson reveals Dickens in a new light—as the staunch champion of the common people and as a great social reformer," we cannot lose sight of the fact that so long ago as 1908 Edwin Pugh gave us his very clever study of this same point of view in "Charles Dickens, the Apostle of the People," and five years later Walter Crotch followed up the subject with "Charles Dickens, Social Reformer"; also that it has been discussed widely ever since—there is an article on the subject in the current issue of *The Dickensian*.

Happily, Mr. Jackson has some new view-points to put before us. He says, for example, that in the early 'forties Dickens "did not realise that the things which horrified him most were only the normal consequences of that political emancipation of the bourgeoisie for which as a Radical he was enthusiastic. His American experiences, none the less, seem to have, in time, brought him to the brink of this understanding." He then goes on to say that "it seems fair to surmise . . . that we owe all that exaggerated over-emphasis upon tobacco-chewing and spitting" to the fastidiousness of Mrs. Dickens, "a very genteel person, one not at all easy to please," and that "Dickens submitted to it, and even from mistaken chivalry adopted Mrs. D's petulant fault-finding attitude as expressing his own feelings."

The result of all this was, according to Mr. Jackson, that after the separation in 1858 (it *was* in 1858, Mr. Jackson, although you vary the date between that and 1857) Dickens was free and able to express his own thoughts. *Hard Times* (1854) "points forward to the theme of revolution" taken up in *A Tale of Two Cities* . . . but before doing so he controlled his bitterness and exasperation enough to elaborate, in *Little Dorrit*, an indictment of bourgeois society . . . even more radical than that elaborated in *Bleak House*."

There is a good survey of each novel, from a "reform" standpoint, and as clear an exposition of the intricate plot of *Our Mutual Friend* as we have ever read; but in view of the minor importance of this work to the subject of Mr. Jackson's book, the space of 45 pages devoted to this novel is altogether out of proportion to that devoted to other and more important novels, which are treated in a third or even a quarter of the space.

THE TINY TIMS OF CALIFORNIA

THE East Bay Branch report a most successful season. Although only 70 in number, their enthusiasm is unbounded. With their friends they numbered over 100 at the Birthday Dinner in February. Most of their efforts are centered on their Tiny Tim Fund, and they have the satisfaction of knowing that through their endeavours many a crippled child is rapidly getting strong again. One boy of ten who had not walked since two years old, has been so successfully treated that he is now taking swimming lessons.

* "Charles Dickens: the Progress of a Radical," by T. A. Jackson. Lawrence and Wishart.

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

THE SHAKESPEARE—DICKENS CONVERSATION

In Mr. McNulty's "Imaginary Conversation" between Shakespeare nd Dickens he makes Shakespeare say: "I never could be funny"; nd Dickens declares that he never could be tragic. Surely these re gross errors. Shakespeare could be extremely funny—witness Dogberry, Falstaff, Malvolio, Bottom, and all the clowns in the Dream"; while I cannot think of any Dickens novel without a tragedy in it. I challenge Mr. McNulty to find one.

I would ask Mr. John Oakley, of "The Sheffield Telegraph," to ote Dickens's own words, which I quoted in an article in your magazine pring Number, 1933. He wrote to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 854: "I am a reformer, heart and soul. I have nothing to gain, verything to lose (for public grief is my bread) but I am in desperate arnest because I know it is a desperate case."

MARY L. PENDERED.

The above letter has been submitted to Mr. McNulty, who writes:

My idea in writing the "Conversation" was that Shakespeare and ickens might take a view of their own works very different from iat of their critics and readers, and being annoyed might, perhaps, verstate their case. Probably they have done so. May I reply to y courteous challenger in the words of a gracious Shakespearian lady: To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those ings for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets."

J. McN.

DICKENS AND LLANGOLLEN

The paragraph on p. 138 of the Spring *Dickensian*, headed Llangollen" shows that Dickens was occasionally a little out of der. The "old Abbey at top of mountains" which he speaks of his Diary is not an abbey at all; it is Castell Dinas Bran, other- se known as "Crow Castle," the fourteenth century residence of e fair maid, Myfanwy Fechan, or "Vaughan." Dickens calls it Denis Brien or Rock Castle," which is not its proper or even popular me.

The last paragraph of the Llangollen note speaks of "the aqueduct Pont-y-Lycylltan." This should be Pont-y-Cysylltau... "Valle ucis Abbey to which Dickens refers," is not near the aqueduct and not be seen therefrom; it lies about a mile and a half by road from ngollen on the farther side from the aqueduct, by a little stream at runs into the Dee not far from Llantysilio.

ERNEST H. RANN.

DICKENS AND EASTBOURNE

That Dickens had associations with Eastbourne other than the instance mentioned in the Spring issue is shown by the following extract from a book entitled "Bygone Eastbourne" by the late Alderman J. C. Wright, and published in 1902.

"A door or two removed from the corner of Borough Lane is the house (now the residence of Mr. Dendy) where many years ago Augustus Leopold Egg, R.A., lodged. One day a letter came from his friend Charles Dickens stating that he was intending to call on him and have lunch. Now it so happened that Mr. Egg was from home when the novelist arrived, and his wife, wishing to entertain her husband's guest in a fitting manner, sent a joint to the bakehouse to be cooked. At last the joint duly arrived ready for consumption, and by the maid of all work was placed upon the table on the dish in which it had been baked! Mrs. Egg was horrified, and Dickens was delighted, declaring that nothing could be better than to have it from the pan in which it had been cooked along with its juices."

Moreover, Mr. E. S. Fowler, a local bookseller, tells me that some years ago he sold a number of letters from Dickens to a Colonel Manby, in one at least of which he referred to his visit to the Colonel (who had some connection with London theatres) at his house, the Greys, Eastbourne.

In St. Mary's churchyard, Eastbourne, there is a tombstone to the memory of "Samuel Weller" who died in 1834, aged 67, but we make no claim in regard to him.

Eastbourne. F. J. HANSOR.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS

The Speeches of Dickens, Introduction by Bernard Darwin. Rosemary Library. Michael Joseph, Ltd. 3s. 6d.

Charles Dickens: the Progress of a Radical, by T. A. Jackson. Lawrence and Wishart. 6s.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"In Search of the England that Dickens knew." Illustrated, *New York Times*, 7th February.

"Boz and Bentley's Miscellany," by J. P. Quaine. *The Advocate* (Melbourne), 25th February.

"A Victorian Magazine," by L. M. Littlewood. *Contemporary Review*, March.

"Chelsea Memories of Mrs. Perugini," by Gwladys Cox. *Chambers' Journal*, March.

"Bristol and Dickens," by "Quiz." *Bristol Observer*, 27th February.

"What Dickens thought of the Industrial Countryside," by Peter Gaunt. *Wolverhampton Express and Star*, 1st March.

"Mr. Pickwick in Poland." Illustrated. *Drama*, March.

"With Dickens in Yorkshire," by H. L. Gee. *Bridlington Free Press*, 3rd March. *Halifax Weekly Courier*, 6th March.

"Cruelty to Characters," by Robert Lynd. *John O' London's Weekly*, 12th March.

"John L. Toole," by Claude Golding. *Evening Standard*, 12th March.

"On Oliver Twist" (Letter to John Doe). *John O' London's Weekly*, 19th March.

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MELBOURNE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

'o Miss E. A. Fraser fell the honour of being the first woman to propose ne toast of the Immortal Memory at the Birthday Celebration of the Melbourne Branch. A delightful feature was the reading of messages rom other Australasian branches. Mr. Rowland has now returned rom his trip to England, and at the March meeting gave an account f his visits to Dickensland with London members.

MONTREAL

HE twenty-ninth season of the Montreal Branch was brought to a rilliant close on 27th April when Mr. Whitfield Aston was re-elected resident for the ensuing year. The Venerable Archdeacon Gower-Rees ucceeds Dr. Stephen Leacock as Honorary President.

The paid membership now stands at 378. The Birthday Dinner t the Mount Royal Hotel was attended by 283 persons.

The Branch recently presented to The Big Sister Association a omplete set of Dickens's works to be read to the Little Sisters, and in ddition has made gifts to the Grace Dart Home Hospital, The Friendly ome, The Montreal Children's Hospital, Children's Memorial Hospital, lexandra Hospital, Old Brewery Mission, Baby and Foundling ospital, Montreal Convalescent Home, and the Junior Red Cross ental Clinics.

The work of the Dickens Players' Club, under the direction of rs. Maud Aston, has added greatly to the programmes and at each eeting there has been excellent music under the direction of Mrs. . J. Hodgson.

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DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

[Although most Home branches cease their regular meetings during the Summer, those in the Antipodes are quite differently placed, and we are sorry only one Branch has sent us its season's programme. Will Secretaries of the Australasian Branches kindly see that this omission is remedied in future numbers?—THE EDITOR.]

BRISBANE.

June 4—Debate: "Was Dickens narrow-minded in his criticism of foreigners."
18—Dramatic Evening, arranged by Miss Clare Clarke.
July 2—"Dickens and Thackeray," by Rev. Scott Macdonald, B.A.
16—Dramatic Evening, arranged by Miss Jean Trundle.
Aug. 6—Book Evening.
29—"Dickens in a Crowd," by Mr. A. L. Bennett, B.A.
Sept. 3—Members' Dramatic Evening.
17—Presentation of Essay Prizes.
Oct. 1—Book Evening.
15—"Dickens's Conception of Greatness," by Mrs. Hamlyn-Harris.
Nov. 5—Social Evening.
19—Annual Meeting.
Dec. 3—Christmas Party; Dickensian Costumes.

AMATEUR PLAYERS PLEASE NOTE

MRS. EVANS places her recent adaptation of *Bleak House*, entitled "Lady Dedlock's Secret," at the disposal of branches. Her address is "Oakdene," Wilmslow, Cheshire.

* * * * *

The initials "W.D.R." at the foot of the review on page 139 of the last number, of a Hollywood-made *Pickwick* comedy, must not be associated with the Editor of this magazine. They are those of a well-known New York member. We omitted to note that the author requires a fee of $35 for a performance of the comedy.

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